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III (501)

F. E. Spedding

Minehouse

ROSE ALLEN,
A Martyr Story :
AND OTHER
POEMS, CHIEFLY SACRED.

BY
A FATHER.

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To my Children.

IN wild Engedi's cave with trustful strain
The Psalmist desolate beguiled his gloom :
So would I humbly solace this sad room,
Where wearily I watch life's flickering wane ;
So would I care beguile. Not mine the gift
To stir in heart-deeps solemn thought's sweet throng ;
If but my children listening uplift
One earnest Orison, not vain my song.
Memorial, haply when the voice is still'd,
I raise : no polished pile in Pindus dress'd ;
Of Zion-stones, rude pillows of my rest,
When rest was rare, I would a Bethel build :
Inscribed my children in far time may trace,
" Surely the Lord was " with him " in this place."

ROSE ALLEN.

A MARTYR STORY.

THIS is not a day to ramble, daughters dearest, far
from home ;

See how Skiddaw looms thro' vapours, foul as angry
ocean's foam :

But the air is close and sultry : 'till the storm-clouds
nearer reach,

Let us sit upon the terrace on the bench beneath the
beech.

What a solemn hush of all things ! pleasing awe the
silence thrills,

While we hear the muffled thunder booming o'er the
distant hills.

Well a sad and sacred story would accord with this
repose ;

Shall I tell you such a legend of a holy martyr's
woes ?

B

Blessed change has come on England since those dark
and troublous days,

When each blind ferocious bigot gloried in a Smithfield
blaze,

Vainly deeming fire and faggot could burn out revealéd
light ;

That belief would yield to terror ; truth to stern oppres-
sion's might.

Gracious change ! for now opinion fearlessly can utter-
ance find ;

No restraint the Christian's conscience save the word of
God doth bind.

But forbearance, so harmonious with redeeming mercy's
plan,

Is it of the outward seeming ? Is it of the inner man ?

Knowledge chastened by religion spreads such influences
mild,

That no more our nation's annals are with cruelty de-
filed :

But alas ! the individual mind of man errs still the same,
Zeal, tho' righteous, too oft flashes memory of stake and
flame.

Yea love purest, faith the clearest can forget, so lingers
pride,

Not of love or faith salvation, but free grace of " Christ
that died."

Wretched pride of human reason ! child of dust can ill
 endure,
 That his brother dust should differ in what God has left
 obscure.

When will Christian men remember their forgiving
 Lord's rebuke,
 E'en to Peter's mad denial, only was a piteous look ?
 When will precept or example of their God believers
 move,
 Zealous of his truth, to show that essence of his truth is
 love.

"Bloody Mary" reigned in England : oh that woman
 ever should,

Mary, sainted name, dishonour linking it to shame and
 blood !

It was in the land of Essex, land of dreariness and marsh,
 Where each lineament of nature oft is cold, repulsive,
 harsh ;

How unlike this favoured region of the mountain and
 the lake,

Where all noblest works of nature sense of nature's God
 awake !

But no shire of troubled England purer Gospel did
 illumine ;

None more Christian heroes hallowed in those times of
 dread and doom.

On a moorland stood a cottage, bleak in aspect, rude in
form ;

Home it was of love and quiet, peace and love home
bleakest warm :

And the morn was earliest spring-time ; air so balmy,
sky so blue ;

All creation seem'd to revel, deck'd in joy's celestial hue.
Heart that owns not vernal freshning, throbs not with
all nature's thrill,

Heeds not burst of bud and blossom, better that its
pulse were still !

Not so felt a youthful maiden, who from out the cottage
came,

Gladness shone in every gesture, tranquil gladness lit
her frame.

Does she hear the lark's blithe carol, that her eyes she
upward lifts ?

Lo ! her lips move ! she is thanking God for nature's
common gifts.

Not more pure the pearly moisture morning dew to
bloom impart,

Than the gush of grateful rapture welling in that mai-
den's heart ;

Not more pure the morning fragrance zephyrs waft and
blossom lends,

Than her praise, that now as incense breath'd in holy
thoughts ascends :

E'en on earth the pure inherit promised blessing, God
they trace,

In all power and might his spirit, in all bliss his love
and grace.

Fain my daughters would ye ask me what was Rose in
feature like ?

Must I guess ? The legend says not, strange does oft
resemblance strike.

Look on Skiddaw ! see yon sunbeam struggling through
the lurid air !

Crag it touches is all shining, none what shape the crag
would care :

So with Rose—in holy radiance rustic homeliness was hid ;
Light of Christian love so chastened, all she look'd, and
said, and did.

Heavenly hopes and virtuous feeling, though not fair
might be her face,

Shed a calm of soul revealing peace surpassing beauty's
grace.

She was but a simple peasant ; truth in its simplicity,
Truth she lov'd as Jesus gave it ; “ but believe and fol-
low me.”

Truth she learn'd not from tradition ; hers the faith that
God reveals

By his spirit to the childlike, from the worldly-wise
conceals.

Only proof she asked of precept, "Is it written in his
Word?"

Only test she owned of doctrine, "Does it glorify my
Lord?"

"Looking unto Jesus" only, what abundant light it was!
Light to cheer and guide, but led not to confessional
and mass.

True religion dullest labours quickens with its influ-
ence,

Ardent zeal in things eternal kindles duteous diligence.
Rose began with willing vigour cheerfully her daily toil;
Round the cottage bloom'd a garden, hers the task to
till its soil.

Herbs she fostered with fit culture, esculent for house-
hold use,

Flowers a few, that aye on gentle hearts like hers a joy
diffuse.

What disturbs th' industrious maiden? what so sudden
can she ail?

Down the road her eyes are straining, as they gaze her
cheek grows pale;

Dire alarm those days of terror!—men with bows and
men with bills,

Bailiffs led by justice Tyrrel, no vain dread her bosom
chills.

Swift she speeds within the cottage to give warning
utterance,
And prepare its helpless inmates ere the vengeful band
advance.
Not her own, her parents' danger was their daughter's
anxious care ;
Prompt with sacred consolation she would cheer that
poor old pair.

William Munt had wed her mother, but of him this
record brief,
He believed in Christ and suffered, witnessing his heart-
belief.
We must deem him of the meek ones who have "chosen
that good part ;"
Not of men but God their praise is, only known to him
their heart.
Alice was a feeble woman, strong in faith, in body frail ;
Oft we find in frame of weakness faith that shrinks, but
will not fail.
"Mother, dearest, let us fear not man who cannot kill
the soul ;
Let us on his sure aid venture who could winds and
waves control.
Shall we not with Jesus suffer if we would with Jesus
reign ?

Now he calls us to confess him ; God to honour death
is gain."

While Rose spake, the band had entered ; Tyrrell, stern
of voice and mien,

Bodies of the Munts demanding in the name of Mary
Queen.

" Firm in trust I feel," said Alice, " willing am I, yet
I faint ;

Bring me, Rose, a cup of water, weakness they may
deem complaint."

Rose was hast'ning ; Tyrrell greets her, as she passed
the outer room :

Would she not persuade her parents to avert their cer-
tain doom ?

Nought car'd Tyrrell for their welfare, but to tyrants of
his kind

Triumph less it is to trample on the body than the mind.
He was man of passion fiercest ; passion is with pride
elate,

Self-deluding that the mantle of God's service covers
hate.

Minion too he was of Bonner ; of communion that de-
lights

With its choicest gifts to honour zeal that lureth prose-
lytes.

Fain he would cajole the daughter, that her parents
should recant ;

She had piety and knowledge, would she not instruct
their want ?

“ They,” she said, “ have better Teacher than their
daughter can be, Sir,

“ For the Holy Ghost instructs them, nor will suffer
them to err.”

“ Hussy, art thou so high-minded? heretic so young,
forsooth !

Marry, it is time we look to such perverters of the
truth.”

“ Sir,” replied Rose Allen meekly, “ so I worship God
my Lord ;

Heresy though you may call it, I believe it his true
word.”

“ Gossip ! you I see will burn too, for company you
seek the stake.”

“ Not for company, for Jesus, if he will, for his dear
sake.”

Turning to his men cried Tyrrell, “ Eh, Sirs ! will this
gossip burn ?”

“ Prove her !” said a miscreant menial ; nor the counsel
did he spurn.

Tyrrell, base unmanly ruffian ! not unworthy his descent,
From the regicide, the hireling butcher of the innocent,

Seized that tender child of Jesus, held her rudely by
the wrist ;

Willing for her Lord to suffer, not his rage did Rose resist.
He with cruelty remorseless, forced her hand and bent
it back,

Then applied a burning candle, till he heard the sinews
crack.

But her fervent faith shone brighter, than the tyrant's
blazing torch,

Nought could he subdue its ardour, though he might
her poor hand scorch.

Undismayed she stood, but modest, not as one who
praises sought,

As became a Christian maiden, Jesus only in her thought.
But there beam'd a quenchless lustre in her mild up-
raised eye,

Plainer than in words expressing, "Thou didst suffer,
shall not I?"

Not that agony could move her to complain by tear or
voice ;

Only thanks to God she uttered, who sustained her to
rejoice.

"Wilt thou not cry ? wilt thou not cry ?" oft exclaimed
her ruthless foe :

"You would weep, not I," she answered, "could you
but the matter know."

How her patience frenzied Tyrrell ! how he railed and
how he cursed !

Off with violence he flung her when he saw the sinews
burst.

“ Have you done, Sir, what you will do ! ” quietly the
maiden said :

“ Must it needs be, I am ready ; burn my feet, and burn
my head !

May the Lord repentance give you, if such be his righte-
ous will ! ” *

Then she went to fetch the water, tendering her mother
still.

Mucius Sœvola, bold Roman, in the pride of peril’s hour,
Soldier in the face of soldiers, bravely dared Porsenna’s
power.

Bards, historians of all nations, with his fame the world
have fill’d ;

Patriot heart of countless ages at the glowing deed has
thrill’d.

Weighed in righteous balance duly, who most worthy
deathless fame ?

Peasant girl or patriot hero ? Book of life records her
name :

* This colloquy is almost verbatim as recorded in Fox’s Book
of Martyrs, p. 947.

Not her own, her Lord's the honour, his the glory, his
the grace,
Who from mouth of babes and sucklings perfects his
eternal praise.

Colchester, those noble Romans cultered once thy plea-
sant site,
They exalted social progress, nor extinguished reason's
light.
How degenerate they who error crowned with that im-
perial name ;
Gospel light they turn'd to darkness, Gospel love to
bigot's flame.
Ever with peculiar reverence must the thoughtful Chris-
tian view
Thy memorials time-hallowed, if it be tradition true ;
In thy precincts born was Helen, parent of great Con-
stantine,
Of the Church a nursing mother, cradling it in many a
shrine.
For thy fame in martyr-story to the Christian yet more
dear ;
Not to thee a strange procession now thine ancient
walls drew near.
Tyrrell glaring at his captives, hardening his heart more
hard ;

Yeomen stout with staves and weapons, mighty capture
all to guard !

In a cart an aged couple, solaced by a suffering
maid ;

On her breast she bore her mother, for one hand no
more could aid.

How she cheered her with her courage, whispering oft
some holy word,

Text of apt and precious promise in her pious memory
stored.

Long and tedious was the journey, oft with pain was
Rose nigh faint ;

Faint and weary, but she murmured not an accent of
complaint.

Yet some natural emotion thrilled her young heart as
they climb

Up that hill of well-known aspect, where, in good King
Edward's time,

Oft she sped to fair and market, with companions of
her youth ;

Oft to hear the faithful Lawrence preach salvation's
simple truth.

Day of grief she well remembered : grief, but more of
joyous zeal,

When that Champion of pure Gospel with his life his
truth did seal.

Piteous pageant! yet it kindled in her heart faith's
quenchless glow ;

Weak and lowly, was she worthy, she that cross to undergo?

“ Lord, thou wilt not lay upon me more than thou
giv'st strength to bear !

Not my will but thine in all things !” was the maid's
submissive prayer.

Now they reach the city's gateway ; ere its gloomy arch
they passed

On the eve-illumined landscape back she gazed—one
look—her last.

“ Farewell, earth! and all that cheered me in life's
cheerful maidenhood !

Farewell all that first and fairest taught me that my God
was good !

Wavy woodlands ! verdant meadows ! dew-bright morn !
and thou sweet eve !

For the glory set before me all right willingly I leave.

Best of earth is fleeting, fading, can my soul for such
repine

Nearing to that rest, Redeemer ! where thy glory shall
be mine ?”

Not in words, in spirit-whisp'rings thus her full heart
found relief ;

For that duteous child was mindful not to swell her
mother's grief.

Tyrrell frowning on the townsfolk, slow they paced the
crowded streets ;

Many hands upraised console them, many a benediction
greeted.

Many a matron clasped her daughter close in conscious
agony,

Many a maiden, kerchief waving, casement throng'd and
balcony.

Precious seed in plenteous measure had been scattered
in that town,

Seed which this untoward season could not with its
blight keep down.

So "much people in that city had the Lord," nor are
they mute ;

Women loudly wail their pity ; men with indignation
hoot.

Strong the force of Christian union ! Tyrrell could not
daunt the press ;

Many a mother rush'd to bless them, boldly held her
babe to bless.

Old John Johnson came out trembling, palsied not with
fear he shook :

Shrill his voice so earnest—Tyrrell asked his name, and
scowled a look.

Tyrrell, too, was somewhat flurried, as he mark'd men's
mutual glance ;

Up the street he quicker hurried, statelier made his
steed to prance.

What so moves the patient maiden ? yes ! they pass the
very booth,

Where with many a hard day's earning she had bought
the book of truth.

But a Testament ! yet treasure priz'd with rapture now
unknown,

When each peasant girl that pleases may have Bible of
her own.

With what prayer and zeal she read it ! morn and night,
and night and morn !

Now she must its vital doctrine faithful unto death adorn,
Soon they reach the castle-prison cramm'd so full of
heretics,

Breathing place protests the jailor for one more he can-
not fix.

When a hospitable fancy Tyrrell takes, he works his
will ;

In he thrust the three and muttered, " Room I see for
Johnson still."

Now the dungeon, now the darkness, now the prison
pangs commence,

Farewell light of day that brightens with some cheer
grief's clouds most dense !

World shut out ! and only Jesus ! how sufficient, what
can show

More in his triumphant fulness, than the martyr's secret
woe ?

Not the torture, not the burning is of constancy the test ;
But the daily undiscerning, when will come the end—
the rest—

Dread monotony of sorrow ! time consuming time's
decay !

While to-day but brings to-morrow, and to-morrow
mocks to-day !

Yea, it is the Spirit's languish, not 'the body's sacrifice ;
Few would shrink from sharpest anguish for " to-day in
paradise !"

But the conscious crush of feeling, gradual martyrdom
of mind,

Doubt its bitterness revealing even in the most resigned ;
Hope that seeks but death's deliverance, hope deferred
heart sick'ning pain !

Fitful fever ! faith allays it, but too soon it burns again !
Faith—that fears its efforts falter to subdue the sense of
wrong !

Trust—that would be patient, trembling lest it murmur,
" Lord, how long !"

Such the ordeal Rose must traverse, such the furnace
purge life's dross,

Ere she can be counted worthy to uplift the martyr's cross.
 Direst horror of immurement did not gentle Rose befall ;
 She was spared the close endurance of rude minds un-
 genial.

“ Prisoners of the Lord ” her fellows ; and supply for
 daily want,

She had hid that precious volume safe from hate so
 vigilant.

Mirrored in yon lake's calm bosom darkest clouds serene
 repose ;

So within that sacred volume Rose finds rest for all her
 woes.

Like the mystic voice that viewless, but most clear yon
 mountain haunts,

If an orison Rose utters peace-response that volume
 chaunts.

Never fails the faithful Jesus perfect peace to give the
 mind,

When he sees all thought, hope, feeling utterly to him
 resigned.

With his word, his grace, and spirit, patience consum-
 mate he works ;

His her times, she meekly waits them, nor in Rose one
 murmur lurks.

Yet most welcome was the summons when to London
 they were dragged,

Welcome as the spring's first breathing when the winter
 long has lagged.
 Earthly aid hope could not whisper, freedom's bliss, or
 mercy's balm,
 But it beam'd a fairer vision, joy enduring, endless
 calm ;
 View of an abiding refuge, where the Lamb enthron'd is
 light ;
 Ever glorious with his presence, ever with his glory
 bright ;
 Regions of eternal gladness, mansions of believers blest,
 "Where the wicked cease from troubling, where the
 weary are at rest."

In his court sat cruel Bonner, tiger-like, but little
 spoke,
 For he could not pluck much honour brow-beating plain
 country folk,
 Nor compete would he for glory, with vile Tyrrell's
 caitiff band ;
 He had heard the maiden's story, and he saw her shriv-
 elled hand.
 Brief the mockery of trial ; soon the priests for sentence
 press ;
 Rose—she came not for denial, but her Saviour to con-
 fess :

As she knelt her firm profession of pure Gospel creed to
 sign,
 Never bride at her betrothal looked more ecstasy divine.

Back to Colchester they speed them ; wholesome warn-
 ing for that town,

Of so pestilent a humour Bonner sends a mandate down :
 On the second day of August there should blaze high
 festival ;

Then should burn a chosen dozen, number strangely
 scriptural !

What full witness in all ages of his truth our God has
 raised !

For such testimony ample ever be his wisdom praised.

Strange desire, mysterious craving man to shows of
 death will guide,

Secret instinct yearns to fathom destiny himself must
 bide.

On that day a nobler motive to such spectacle impelled,
 Hearts would learn how death's worst terror can by
 deathless faith be quelled.

Cheerful shone the sun autumnal, calm look'd down se-
 renest skies ;

Oh, what deeds of ruth and horror purest heaven oft
 canopies !

Scarce the lulling hour of noontide, noon of cloudless
 autumn day,
 Hushing, soothing earth to stillness and repose had
 passed away ;
 When the crowd began to muster, far had spread the
 day's renown,
 What a fluster, as they cluster, from the country, from
 the town !
 Burly burghers, lean mechanics, dames and damsels of
 all states,
 What a rushing ! what a pushing first to pass the city
 gates !
 Yeomen bluff, and sturdy peasants, how they swarm the
 paths and lanes !
 Some afoot, and some on horseback, wives and children
 too in wanes.
 Solemn sorrow, serious purpose, you might in each face
 discern ;
 Few came there for hate or pastime, few to see how Rose
 would burn.
 Sympathy was their attraction, England's heart to God
 was true,
 Gospel pure from days of Wickliffe England's thought-
 ful commons knew :
 Knew and loved it, loved and kept it in their honest
 Saxon heart ;

And by grace of God would keep it ; Bonner's terrors
could not part.

" Righteousness exalts a nation," has not God exalted
this ?

Trace we may his favour dawning e'en from martyr-
dom's abyss.

Out the walls had been a tilt-yard, now long fallen to
disuse,

Show and proof of Christian armour site more fitting
could not choose.

Each new comer in that circle took his stand with gaze
intense,

Slight the greeting, friend or neighbour, all absorbed in
mute suspense.

Ashes foul, that morning's reliques, verdure of the turf
defiled ;

Round a huge stake, hung with fetters, dread array !
were faggots piled,

Near them flamed a torch portentous, spiring up in
lurid folds ;

With heaven's blue its vapour mingles, every eye with
awe beholds.

Now the death-train only ushered by the people's dark'n-
ing gloom,

Not a bell from tower or steeple tolls th' impending
hour of doom.

Shaveling priests and friars in number, but they chaunt
nor hymn nor psalm ;

Not of brotherhood one token ; not a prayer, no unction's
balm !

Black officials in profusion, but no pomp of papal might,
All contemptuous confusion, studiously no solemn rite !
Lost ! all lost ! perdition only waits such vilest criminal,
Deeming Him who died to save them, not the pope, their
“ all in all.”

Oh that man whose hope of mercy is the boundless grace
of peace,

Yet should dare salvation—limit, mark a pale and hold
the keys.

Foremost rode the mayor and sheriff ; seeming pleased
to turn their back

On the crowd of bigot menials, who pressed eager on
their track.

Of the gentry of the county fear or zeal brought number
scant ;

Busiest of them all was Tyrrell, bustling as a pursuivant.
To the lowly, who more blust'ring ? to the gentles, who
more bland ?

You might take him for the sheriff, all so seemed at his
command.

“ Here's of heretics a harvest !” vaunted he ; his brother
squires

Frowned as tho' his crop of glory was not quite to their desires.

“ Too great mercy for such vermin ! ” quoth he to the faggots turned ;

“ How came these as dry as tinder ? ” Martyrs six that morn had burned.

Strong the band of billmen, bowmen, yeomen too of Mary's guard,

Ruthless knaves ! of steel their corslets, nor their visages less hard.

Not escape of prisoners feared they, of the people was their dread ;

Four they dragged from out the waggon, instant to the stake they led ;

Both the Munts, and Rose so saint-like ; Tyrrell trembled at her look ;

And the fourth was old John Johnson, palsied, not with fear he shook.

Undismayed was meek Rose Allen, perfect faith death's fear subdued ;

Only thought of earth her mother, save to face such multitude

Seemed at first a shame ; one shudder as she reached the fatal stake ;

One blush mantled o'er the maiden, when rude hands her stole would take.

Life is sweet; to die is bitter, when it comes with furnace pain ;

Firm must be the heart's persuasion, that could count such torment gain.

She could feel no pride polemic ; no vain vaunt from earth could wean ;

Every natural impulse only on an arm of flesh would lean.

Rose was but a lowly peasant, meek, unlearnéd country maid,

Only could her God sustain her, only DID his spirit aid.

How she cheer'd her aged companions, sight to move a heart of stone !

Never quailing, yet so gentle ! how the crowd did weep and groan !

All at once their lamentation ceased, the while the faggots blazed ;

You might hear the one pulse beating of that multitude amazed ;

Gazing, gazing, loud their heart-throb ! louder ! what can it be about ?

Then there burst upon the welkin one symphonious rapture shout,*

* " William Munt, John Johnson, Alice Munt, and Rose Allen suffered in the afternoon. They all died with such joy and

Unmistakable of triumph, praise to God, and jubilee :
 Do they see their spirits passing ? what do they see ?
 what do they see ?

Once a limner, what a father feels for daughter's pain
 expressed,

O'er his face he threw a mantle, deeper grief could sight
 suggest ?

How Rose suffering witnessed Jesus not in words the
 legend tells,

But it leaves us to imagine, what from woe such rapture
 swells.

Hail the crowd, farewell of Spirit, that on verge celes-
 tial grieves ?

Grief ineffable of pity for the world of sin she leaves ?
 Have the people Stephen's vision ? or with faith's sub-
 stantial powers

Do they breathe th' ambrosial fragrance of the amaran-
 thine bowers ?

Do they see the robes—the palm-wreath and the martyr's
 glory crown ?

Heaven open—and the angels floating up and floating
 down ?

triumph that the spectators in the midst of their sorrow for them
 burst into shoutings of applause."—*Fox's Book of Martyrs*, p. 947.

Two of the twelve suffered on a subsequent day. The circum-
 stances of this tale beyond what Fox narrates are fiction.

Do they hear their choral greeting, "welcome, welcome,
to our joys?"

High above all hallelujahs hark, "the great"—"the
trumpet-voice!"

"Welcome good and faithful servants! ye your Lord
on earth confessed;

I confess before my Father: enter your Redeemer's
rest."

Master Tyrrell, zealous justice, tho' not with the shout
well pleased,

Trotted briskly from the burning; shall we hope his
mind was eased?

Bitter wish! and most unworthy all who mourn that
martyr-maid!

That her God would give repentance, and to know his
truth she prayed.

"How I hate those cruel Papists," does my little Ellen
cry?

Then I've told my legend lamely, and I must a moral
try.

On the error, not the erring let your indignation glow!
Flee the fount that yields such waters! by its fruit the
doctrine know!

Creed that so exalts the creature, cannot humble hearts
to love ;

Faith, that stints redemption's fulness, frail the refuge it
will prove !

But the faith that " looks to Jesus," simply on his ful-
ness leans,

Help unfailing finds in trouble, no delusion intervenes !

Trust, that 'mid life's changeful billows to the " rock of
ages" cleaves,

" Who shall separate ?" what peril from the love of
Christ bereaves ?

Deem not if the dove reposes on the cross with sign of
peace,

Like yon downy wreath on Skiddaw, token that the
thunders cease ;

Deem not if no longer " perils from without" belief
assail,

That no more the martyr's spirit Zion's pilgrims shall
avail :

What tho' knowledge—sway and freedom laws have ren-
dered tolerant,

Faculties more dread has Mammon true religion's growth
to daunt.

Not less potent are the social hinderances that truth
oppose,

If fulfilling word prophetic " of man's household are his
foes."

Many a fierce domestic bigot tramples truth, that sin
rebukes ;

Secret pines the victim, only seen of him to whom faith
looks.

Many a world-compliant custom, many a tyrant circum-
stance

Chain the trembling soul in darkness; soul that pants
for light's expanse.

Not less poignant is the anguish, when concealed in
smiles the sore ;

Not less dire the heart's endurance, hid the flame that
burns its core :

World of sorrow earth must needs be, while it is a world
of sin,

Only through affliction's portals does salvation enter in.
Truth revealed ! experience clearest ! tribulation is the
means,

Faith that strengthens, love that perfects, from the
world God's children weans.

In each noble martyr's story proof how faith supports
in need,

How the Lord his faithful succours, is not all the lore
we read ;

They have lighted up in England, as old Latimer fore-
told,

Such a fire as by God's favour, never shall be quenched
or cold.

Gradual shining, bright and brighter, pure and purer we
may mark

Gospel-light in Bible-England from those days with
horror dark.

So the tempest late impendent turned from hence its
fiery course,

And has spent in some far valley all its desolating force;
Yet th' effulgence of its lightnings have serened these
nearer skies,

Clouds dispersing—calm diffusing.—Daughters now for
exercise !

HOME.

MY home, my mountain home, for thee I yearn !
Not that my God has cast my lines in land,
So pleasant, that mine eyes did ne'er discern
Nature more prodigal of glory grand,
Blending with cultured grace in fair accord :
But from my home incense of daily prayer
Ascends, and earnest reading of God's word,
Which never " void returns," nor vainly there.
Nurtured by such high influence love pervades,
Mutual good-will and peace its inner life ;
Nor ever din of discontent or strife
Disturbs the quiet of its ambient glades.
Stern duty bids me from such bliss to roam,
His will be done who hallows my loved home.

“THE QUIET IN THE LAND.”

Psalm xxxv. 20.

THE meek whom God delights to guide,
The meek set free from sin and pride
By faith in Jesus crucified,
The quiet in the land.

Peace is their atmosphere divine,
Peace in each word and work doth shine,
Peace does their every thought enshrine,
The quiet in the land.

Only for Jesus is their life.
Ever with anxious tumult rife;
To spread his truth their only strife,
The quiet in the land.

No doubts perplex their simple creed,
What God makes plain they humbly heed,
Sufficient for their utmost need,
The quiet in the land.

That Christians should for husks dispute,
When souls are lacking knowledge—fruit,
For very marvel they are mute,
The quiet in the land.

What care they for the world's caress ?
What fear they if their foes oppress ?
Nor care nor fear can much distress,
The quiet in the land.

It is a weary life below,
Temptations toss us to and fro,
Such conflict scarce they seem to know
The quiet in the land.

So steadfast is their gaze above,
No pageant can their vision move,
From mansions of eternal love,
The quiet in the land.

So patiently they run their race,
Looking to Jesus for his grace,
They reach on earth a resting place,
The quiet in the land.

Breathings from high Jerusalem,
Where they shall wear faith's diadem,
Already seem to hallow them,
The quiet in the land.

LIFE'S COMMON THINGS.

LIFE'S common things, the daily things, our heavenly
 Father gives
 In bountiful profusion to every soul that lives,
 And hearts that might enjoy them, but the world with
 sin and care
 Heart-feeling crushes, blunts the sense, or blinds us
 with its glare.

The butter-cups, the daisies, the common hedgerow
 flowers
 Had charm to wake our childhood first to God's creative
 powers :
 The green-green grass they grow among ! but that can
 still delight ;
 The weariest heart the world hath worn aye freshens at
 its sight.

If music be a joy to us, what melody more sweet
 Than warbling lays of summer birds our daily walks that
 greet ?
 Pure sympathies their carol stirs, and purer thoughts
 might throng
 Than Italy's famed minstrels breathe in passion's fervid
 song.

Earth wears to willing wooers ever a landscape dress,
To glad the humblest gazer than her mightiest Lord no
less.

If but she lift the heart to God in praise of warmer
tone,
What more for him who vainly calls her loveliness his
own ?

The ocean in its grandeur of tempest, or of flood
Is wide enough to awe us all to meditative mood :
Vast highway of the nations! rich vessels stem its path;
The many might with joyance view, more than the mer-
chant hath.

Even the sky that roofs us with cloud-vault day and
night,
Do we yearn for glimpse of glory ? we need no other
sight.
Whether the bright sun decks it in golden gorgeous
hues ;
Or moon and stars, mysterious mutes, their silver maze
diffuse.

We tread upon the wild flowers, the birds we seldom
heed,
Earth, air and ocean's amplest page we little reck to
read.

Regardless that our God has given these daily common
 things
 Life's verdure to keep fresh and pure life's fountain at
 its springs.

Alas! if man as common slights such influences benign,
 What marvel daily prayer breathes cold, and daily word
 divine !
 Each flower imbibes and fragrance yields each morning
 drop of dew ;
 " God's river is of water full," but they who drink how
 few !

His ev'ry day monitions, for not a day that rolls,
 But warns " what profit if we gain the world and lose
 our souls ?"
 The dealings of his providence that blindness deems so
 dark,
 What gracious light is manifest if trustingly we mark !

This Bible-realm of England ! this common-weal of
 truth !
 Her Gospel ministrations to age from earliest youth !
 What precept upon precept ! what line on line devout !
 Her church that keeps truth undefiled from error, lapse,
 and doubt !

And glorious is the fruitage ! but yet how many pass
 Unheeding as men who view their image in a glass ;
 It startles, but they straight forget, what fashion is their
 face !

Alas ! if Jesus did not draw, and the Spirit shed his grace !

AFFLICTION'S SHELTER.

FROM bondage long was freed a wretch low-bow'd,
 By weight of years or woes I reck not which :
 He gazed on heaven's blue vault ; it stirred no crowd
 Of memories sweet ; on the green fields no speech
 To his dull sense they gave. Back crawled that man
 Craving in wonted walls congenial gloom.
 Fit legend of heart-truth ! how sorrow can
 Wish of deliverance in its depths entomb.
 So he, who proves, by blest experience taught,
 Affliction precious as his God reveals ;
 Who finds the freedom of its bonds, and feels
 What change in his life-vision it hath wrought,
 How tremblingly he leaves its sheltering shade
 If the world beck, once more with smiles arrayed.

“THE CLOUD OF WITNESSES.”

DO not our hearts within us burn,
 When pond’ring prayerfully God’s page,
 His Spirit lights us to discern
 Jesus reveal’d from age to age?

Do not our hearts within us burn,
 When through one glance of memory glides
 “The cloud of Witnesses” to turn
 All doubt to dust our God provides?

The swelling peal of prophecies !
 How gradual gathers that “sure Word,”
 As from the dark the day-beams rise,
 It harbingers the coming Lord.

First heard that voice in Eden’s grove,
 Denouncing death to fallen man,
 Yet reconciling wrath with love,
 And promising life’s wondrous plan.

Of saints inspired with fire divine,
 How varied ! and how vast the train !
 Till Jordan’s banks and Jewry’s shrine
 “Behold the Lamb” for sinners slain.

The patriarch in his dying hour,
 The lawgiver to Israel's throng ;
 The sage in Babylon's place of power,
 The minstrel king in Zion's song ;

Isaiah rapt in vision clear,
 And angels to the shepherd band,
 The Baptist in the desert drear,
 All celebrate the Lord "at hand."

Nor less the types, mysterious skill !
 Of signs than words more deep, more dread,
 Shade forth "good things," Jehovah's will,
 Man's guilt to cleanse blood must be shed.

Abel's oblation, God's delight,
 And Abraham's proof of faith supreme,
 And all the pomp of Jewish rite,
 Of sin atoned repeat the theme.

And nations knowing not the Lord,
 Barbarian rude, or polished Greek,
 In sacrificial strange accord,
 Of blood propitiatory speak.

The Jew ! their very name, blind race !
 Stirs up of solemn thoughts a host,
 While their stupendous course we trace
 Of glory lent, of glory lost.

They live—they breathe—they walk the earth—
 Memorial firm that God is true ;
 He on their visage stamps their birth,
 Oh venerate God's sign—the Jew !

Peculiar people ! called, prepared,
 To magnify on earth God's fame,
 His word, his oracles to guard ;
 Born of a Jew Immanuel came.

All suffering Jewish scribes recount
 That it behovèd Christ must bear,
 From Bethlehem's stall, to Calvary's mount,
 He bore—man's ruin to repair.

Can heart conceive more Godlike grace ?
 More perfect goodness than was seen,
 The Father's glory in the face
 Of the despised Nazarene ?

“Never spake man like this !” such love !
 Love to th’ unloving ! love for hate !
 Nor work’d such works his power to prove,
 His mission to authenticate.

The men of Galilee ! so faint !
 So slow of heart ! a traitor one !
 Forsaking in his utmost want
 Their Master who such might had done !

Behold them now a martyr-band ;
 Nor doom can daunt, nor death divide,
 Before earth’s potentates they stand,
 Confessing Jesus crucified !

What to such zeal their heart inclin’d ?
 And raised from earth their hopes to heaven ?
 What miracle on heart and mind ?
 A Saviour raised—his Spirit given !

Self-righteous—persecuting Paul,
 Less than of God could aught constrain ?
 Lo, Christ to win, loss counts he all,
 The cross of Christ his boast—his gain.

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The cross of Christ ! witness within
 His heart who with his heart believes,
 And as atonement for all sin,
 Most fit, most full, that cross receives !

All thought, all passion, all desire,
 All impulses to sin that urge,
 Resistless as refiner's fire,
 Faith in that cross can "throughly purge."

Sorrow most dark that cross can soothe,
 For sorrow there was glorified ;
 On trembling souls it breathes the truth,
 Life-giving truth "'tis Christ that died."

Truth how divine we know we feel,
 The more we search its gracious sense ;
 The spirit sealing with his seal
 Witness complete—EXPERIENCE.

Do not our hearts within us burn
 When pond'ring prayerfully God's word,
 His spirit lights us to discern
 With Didymus our God ! our Lord !

IMMANUEL'S IMAGE.

WHEN does yon lake most lovely show ?
Not when rough winds in tempests blow,
Lashing its waters with such force,
Each billow foams like furious horse.
Grand it may be, but none would take
That whirlpool wild for summer lake.

When does the Christian truest show ?
Not ruffled by each breath below ;
When vanities his peace disturb,
And worldly care he cannot curb.
Wise he may be, but none could tell
His wisdom drawn from Jesu's " well."

Yon lake in beauty doth surpass,
When smooth its face as limpid glass,
And from its deeps the clear blue sky
Smiles back with all its purity ;
Each tint, each glory mirrored there,
Then would you call our lake most fair.

So does the Christian truest shine :
When care is calmed by hope divine,
And image of Immanuel glows
In all he thinks, or says, or does ;
Reflected with such joy serene,
Ye know " with Jesus he hath been."

Luther Memorials.

1. LUTHER, POOR SCHOLAR.

RICH men caroused, for it was festal night,
In that old German city ; while they sup
Through the still eve a boy's voice warbled up.
Sweet solemn voice ! that lulled to deep delight
The inmost yearnings of the listener's soul.
Out on the hostel's balcony hies one,
The kindest of those guests, with bounteous dole
To greet the scholar poor. Like miner's son
Rugged he was in looks, rough in attire,
But falcon eyes, that flash'd so earnest, sad,
They blazed him falsehood's foe with beacon fire.
Mild too, for he most gentle mother had,
And oft she soothed him when his heart nigh burst,
For beg he must to sate his knowledge thirst.

2. LUTHER'S SIGN.

FAMED Erfurt's schools doctor renown'd draws nigh ;
Her swelling domes touch clouds, whose lurid tinge
Tempest portend : the poplars tall that fringe
Her highway, whisper storm with quiv'ring sigh.
Nought heeds yon wayfarer ; sense spirit-strife
Absorbs. Shall he earth's laurels pluck ? stern voice
Of sire, that morn who blessed him, bids such choice ;
Or vow, as yearns his soul, to heaven his life ?
A sign he needs ! God of Saint Paul a sign !
Worthy a sign the work, his destined lot !
Foul mists pollute thy truth, its brightness blot ;
Thy sanctuary to purge his light must shine.
Loud peal'd the thunder ; at his feet fell fire :
Assured rose Luther ; God his all-desire.

3. LUTHER, MONK.

STRANGE yoke-fellows th' Augustine convent sees!
 Luther a monk ! meet comrade, God's word chain'd !
 But can his spirit's cravings be restrain'd
 By cloist'ral rule or rite ? can he find peace
 In gloom ascetic, holiness his quest ?
 Salvation's full assurance he would feel :
 Can monkish drudgery his conscience heal,
 Discerning vain are works, how vile the best ?
 Forgiveness—balmy sound for bruised hearts—
 But where the substance find ? say, Staupitz, where ?
 The prelate points to Jesus bleeding, there !
 There flows the balm a God of love imparts !
 Meet helpmates now, the monk, the Bible bound ;
 Each will the other free ; love felt—Christ found.

4. LUTHER AT ROME.

NOT as Alaric fierce, with vengeful horde,
God's scourge, came Luther to foul error's seat,
Whose breath taints nations, and obscures God's word.
He wept—he knelt,—“Thee, holy Rome, I greet.”
Man, Christian, Sage, he revered Rome's decay;
Where broods the past, scorner of spectral force,
As eagle hovers o'er a leprous corse,
“Unclean” what once had world-wide heart-deep sway.
Knowledge yet lack'd he; so his mind and frame
Meekly he bow'd to mummary, that soon palls,
Soon clears from films his vision. As he crawls
Up Pilate's stairs in superstitious shame,
Light lifts his knees; voice peals within, that saith
As erst to Romans urged “the just shall live by faith.”

5. LUTHER AND TETZEL'S DRUM.

RING merry joy bells ! let loud drum's glad beat
Proclaim the mart ! post jubilant the gates !
" Salvation selling off at lowest rates."
Rear the red cross ! with solemn train go greet
The Pontiff's pedlar ! Fast no more nor pray !
Buy paper pardons ! each sin has its price ;
Florins quench flames ; nor is the chapman nice,
Would ye for future peccant fancies pay.
This salvo, rob not—knave absolved once did—
Yon chest ! drop in't your ducats ! doubt who dares ?
Th' infallible will warrant his own wares !
Redemption's God ! where is thy just wrath hid ?
One thunder-voice transcends the traffic's hum ;
" God willing, hole I make in Tetzels drum."

6. LUTHER, PENMAN.

OH meet return ! when man each precious beam
Of reason's light matures, and to HIS use
Who gave, devotes mind's might ; as in broad stream
Rivers yield back to ocean all bright dew
That fed their fulness. Luther now with lore,
Long toil's rich hoard,—faith, beguiled faith, recalls
From Rome's blind maze : to faith he would restore
Her fount, her rock—God's word. Wittenberg's walls
Reformer's voice resound : but chief his pen
Pours pages that reach hearts in quiet homes,
Wing'd by the wondrous press, restrained from men,
Egyptian graver, subtle Greek, or Rome's
Artistic sons, till God in his good time
With ampler blaze pure Gospel would sublime.

7. LUTHER AT WORMS.

WORMS he will brave "though devils there should riot
 Rife as its roof-tiles :'' 'neath th' imperial throne
 Of Charles, where throng in Germany's grand diet,
 Prelates and princes, Luther stands—alone.
 Rome's might, earth's pomp, the miner's son confronts ;
 Serene as mid rude rocks some shining lake.
 Will he retract those books whose lightnings shake
 Rome with their truth-flash ? Firm his heart's response ;
 But time he craves ; calm words the cause beseem ;
 And he would cast on God his own words' care.
 Not since Gethsemane's dark hour was prayer
 More fervent offered, more momentous theme !
 The morrow consummates reform's full act,
 " Here stand I, God my helper, nought can I retract !"

8. POPERY.

CHRIST died—a little while pure faith endured :
Oh mystery fathomless to minds finite,
That flesh could so quell spirit, quenching light !
Soon was faith's brightness by thick cloud obscured ;
All flesh exhaled foul superstition's cloud.
Man, who loves darkness, needs must blindly grope ;
On arm of flesh will lean his trust, his hope ;
Rome's arm ruled nations ; papal Rome truth's shroud,
Soul's gradual bondage wove ; conscience she hushed
With penance, mass, indulgence to purge guilt !
Hence priestcraft's monstrous thrall religion crushed
'Neath error's throne, on willing blindness built.
The cloud as veil Luther but lift, God's word
Beamed forth ; its rays pure primal faith restored.

9. REFORMATION.

DOES dawn's return welcome on watcher fall
 Whose waning lamp but made night's gloom more drear?
 Is it clear voice? Rome's cloud-land piercing clear,
 "All acceptation worthy," that for all
 Who but believe and love Christ died? Glad sound!
 Wide realms it wakes; not Germany alone;
 Fierce Gaul, bold Swiss; they too the impulse own,
 Britons, who bear it now to earth's far bound.
 Not man's the work! one book its light, its life,
 In German read, the Wartburgh captive's care;
 "Would in all language eyes, ears, hearts 'twere rife!"*
 Such, fatherland! was Luther's Bible prayer:
 Thy sons, degenerate dreamers, would debase
 That book credential of salvation by God's grace.

* "Solus hic liber linguâ, manû, oculis, auribus,
 Cordibus versaretur."

10. LUTHER, HUSBAND.

FROM Marburgh's strife came Luther, sad, with doubt,
 Heart fretting doubt depressed. Love had he not,
 Brotherly love, in zeal's excess forgot ?
 Care shadowed home in gloom : one star shone out ;
 His Ketha welcomed him,—his wedded mate.
 The fond wife felt the husband's heart o'erfraught,
 And soothed him first with looks affectionate
 Rather than speech : his little ones she brought
 Matronly wile ! soon was his soul enlarged.
 Of holy words with love, hope, peace, that flow,
 Rich store she had ; her gentle voice so charged
 Lay suasive on his spirit, as with glow
 Borrowed from brighter orb, moonlight lulls wave.
 Conjugal league ! thus care to calm thy help God gave.

11. LUTHER, FATHER.

STRONG stream finds ever as it turbid flows
Some tranquil pool, where to its depths we look,
And taste how pure its waters in repose.
Troublous his course, but Luther had such nook ;
Where garnered he large love, of holiest hue,
A father's for his daughter ; and she one
Frail snowdrop like, that ne'er will look upon
Life's summer-joy. She must die young, he knew ;
Oft as he blessed her, down his rough cheek ran
Meek tears, that gemm'd her pale brow day by day
More precious. That dark eve she dying lay ;
Faith's champion seem'd the child, babe the stern man.
Father's, not faithless awe ! must she, alone—
To be with God, dear child ! pass glooms unknown ?

12. LUTHER'S "YES."

PEACE sought—peace gains truth's hero, warfare done :
His couch tends loving wife, and duteous aid
Of sons, whose sad fond care he oft repaid
With blessing. As recumbent on field won
Worn soldier wraps around him martial cloak,
So folds he shivering spirit, slumbrous thought
In faith's warm prayer, vaunting not fight well-fought.
When speech fail'd supplication, one thus spoke :
"Hast thou hope, Luther? Does thy faith sustain
Now, even now?" O'er his faint visage played
Triumphant trust; steadfast, as undismayed
At Worms he stood, truth witnessed he again.
Last voice elate from verge of time's abyss,
Last wonted battle-voice responded "YES."

TO MOTHERS.

MOTHERS of England's favoured race,
Meditate well your trust ;
What privilege of time and place
Reckon with God ye must !

Your times are set upon an age,
When " knowledge is increased "
So wondrously, world-wisdom's page
Lies open to the least.

Your lines have fallen in a land,
Where might and will combined
Are prodigal of means t' expand
For weal or woe man's mind.

Chiefest in land none other flows
The gospel-fount more pure ;
Nor gospel-truth more fervent glows,
A beacon-light most sure.

To noblest heights of social charge
Your children may aspire ;
From heritage of gifts so large
What gain will God require ?

That standard, which the Lord of old
 In Jewry did display,
 I do believe he doth unfold
 From Britain—this our day.

Nurses of such high nation's youth !
 Mothers in Israel !
 Bulwarks ye rear of Zion's truth,
 Lay the foundations well.

Whether among earth's lofty ones
 Your lot in life be cast,
 Or helpmates of toil's happier sons,
 Your pilgrimage be passed.

On ALL the sacred task devolves ;
 Angels rejoicing when
 Ye train to virtue's firm resolves
 God-fearing Englishmen.

Bethink you, mother, that dear boy
 On whom you fondly gaze,
 With wakeful watch of anxious joy
 Must enter soon life's maze.

This weary world ! that dearest child !
When you no longer tend,
How will he walk it undefiled,
And what will be the end ?

Comfort ye, God his word has given,
A lamp through life's dread vale ;
A guide to cleanse the path to heaven,
A staff that cannot fail.

That word he treasures in your hands,
“ Line upon line ” t' impress ;
To drop, like rain the bud expands,
Or dew the tender grass.

In infancy all influences
Of trusting love are yours,
The Word that early grafted is,
Abidingly endures.

Childhood's loved melodies—they cling
Gentlest of memory's joys ;
But oh ! the heart's deep garnered thing,
A sainted mother's voice !

Remembered, if it aye enshrine
 Lesson of Gospel love,
 What light on darkest days may shine !
 What mercy it may move !

That memory God may bless to speak
 The rock in manhood's waste ;
 And thoughts may gush this world so bleak
 Hath frozen, not effaced.

Then let your voice first teach what was
 "The Lord of life's" life-story,
 Teach your beloved to bear his cross,
 And live but for his glory.

Trace for them through life's troublous maze
 The track their Saviour trod ;
 And bid them follow all their days
 Their "life," their "way," their God.

So shall Great Britain—truly great—
 Her destiny fulfil,
 When thus her sons ye dedicate
 To know and do God's will.

WHO ?

IN a dear home dwells one of meekest mind,
By all life's sanctities that sacred thing—
A loving mother ; children round her cling
Friends, not less filial ; sweet thrall so to bind,
Not words, for few she speaks, and scarce knows tone
To chide ; most wont, as thriftily she plies
Her household needle, to peruse her own
Pure quiet thoughts. They ever heavenward rise,
There strengthening patience, truth, rarer than zeal,
Utter unselfishness. Such gems array
Her gentle nature in resistless sway.
Few cares she hath, save for her children's weal,
And how the Gospel speeds, willing all knew
As well she knows, what Gospel faith can do.

“THEY SERVE HIM DAY & NIGHT.”

EARTH'S earnest ones ! each bearing palm
 Of victory from faith's good fight,
 Jesus their strength, with ceaseless psalm
 They serve him day and night.

Earth's weary ones ! freed from the coil
 Of cares that crush, and griefs that blight,
 Now in love-labour without toil
 They serve him day and night.

“ From tribulation great ” all came,
 Their robes in the Lamb's blood washed white ;
 The Lamb to laud whose glorious name
 They serve him day and night.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
 Nor heart of man conceives aright
 The blessedness for those prepared
 Who serve him day and night.

Best joy below it was to serve,
 Working “ by faith, and not by sight ; ”
 But oft they mourned how faint their nerve
 To serve him day or night.

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No weariness of soul or sense—
Reward enough that one delight!—
Now dulls their “new song’s” eloquence,
They serve him day and night.

All tears their God hath wiped away ;
No fears of fall their faith afright ;
Hunger nor thirst nor life’s decay ;
They serve him day and night.

Nor sun, nor moon, they need, nor shrine,
The Lamb is that new city’s light ;
The Lamb its temple is divine ;
They serve him day and night.

By living streams, their God their guide,
With harps of gold and crowns more bright,
Now with salvation beautified,
They serve him day and night.

Pilgrims on earth, to soothe earth’s pains
They sought in sleep some respite slight,
Before the throne where Jesus reigns
They serve him day and night.

What impulse breathes in that blest place?
 What energy sustains their might?
 Seeing their Saviour "face to face"
 They serve him day and night.

"LIFE FROM THE DEAD."

IN death-like swoon this unsunned snow arrays
 Mountain and ice-bound lake, deep vale and hill,
 Nature's luxuriance of landscape skill.
 — Anon from mist emerged the sun displays
 A golden set, waking earth's pale repose :
 Oh what a glory his glad beams diffuse,
 Bosomed on Skiddaw's breast with roseat hues
 Of light and love ! The hoary scene all glows :
 Warmed by such canopy of gorgeous clouds
 Old winter guise puts on of summer's youth.
 So when the Lord of light his face unshrouds,
 Shining on hardened hearts his radiant truth,
 "Life from the dead" it is to man sin-chained,
 Developing God's image, lost—regained.

TRUST.

BODING another storm old Skiddaw glooms,
With huge black ribs, snow-freaked and icy stare,
Monster snow-corse ! he lours a spectral glare,
Like death on face no hope of heaven illumes.
Avaunt ye frigid horrors ! contrast strange
Our glowing hearth, our merry matin meal !
Kind daughters mine, by your cheek's mantling change
I guess ye mark yon suppliant's meek appeal.
No marvel such bleak morn your mutual speed ;
Never came robin with more trustful rush,
Never were crumbs spread with more bounteous gush.
Lesson how faith wins help—my children heed !
“ Come,” and the God whose care that bird hath led,
Will through life's winter feed you with “ life's bread.”

HELP THE NEEDLEWOMAN.

NEEDLEWOMAN, drudge of drudges,
 Refuse-grade of sex out-grown ;
 Ministrant to greed that grudges,
 Food to furnish skin and bone.

Who that sees thee patient plying
 Cheerlessly thy changeless task,
 Stitching, starving, drooping, dying,
 "Is this woman?" would not ask?

Woman, balm of God to lighten
 Labour, sorrow, all adverse ;
 Boon of God all bliss to brighten,
 Heart-mate, help-mate, mother, nurse !

With such charities to cherish,
 Faculties to feel endued,
 Needlewoman, must thou perish
 In thy young decrepitude ?

Let not worldlings deem that slaving
 Day by day can deaden sense ;
 Custom cannot crush the craving
 Of thine heart for nobler ends.

Mercifully use makes fingers
Spindles of a mere machine ;
But no use can quench what lingers
Of immortal flame within.

While thou sittest meekly, mutely,
In thy smoke-obscured room,
Thoughts will pierce thee more acutely
Than thy needles pierce the gloom.

Visions of thy careless childhood,
Yearnings for affection's home,
Fancies of thy girlish wildhood,
Come, but mock thee as they come.

Free air fresh from breezy mountain,
Cloudless suns, and clear blue skies,
Wild flowers culled by wild-wood fountain,
Wild birds' warbling melodies.

All those glorious truths of nature,
Which on pure young minds impress,
Heart-creed of a good Creator,
Now are dreams of bitterness !

Suffering is life's tuition ;
 Children of a chast'ning God,
 Look through it to faith's fruition ;
 But they feel, who kiss the rod.

Feel ! but though thine heart-blood tingle
 Through that weary wasting frame,
 Tho' thy threads with heart-throbs mingle,
 Feel ! but thou must stitch the same.

Avarice has very sharp eyes ;
 Should they mark thee loiter any,
 Soon will competition's harpies
 Screw thee down another penny.

Stir those pale thin fingers faster !
 Ply thy needle for life's breath !
 Or if thou wouldst 'scape disaster,
 Sin, mad refuge, worse than death !

Not to free Virginia's virgin,
 Nor Lucretia's matron grief,
 Was there need of sharper urging
 Implement of steel's relief.

Maiden ! there are dwelling-places
 On this globe to thee so drear,
 Where they hail thine household graces,
 Like an angel's sent to cheer.

Land there is where all may flourish ;
 Genial skies, and generous soil
 Welcome industry, and nourish
 Bounteously the sons of toil.

Manly British hearts possess it,
 Hearts enlarged by labour's scope ;
 Only not with woman blessed,
 Radiant with abounding hope.

They, who seek it, traverse ocean,
 But the waters that divide
 Wash away the faithless notion,
 Earth for man 's not amply wide.

Home, how meet for needlewoman !
 There life's craving void would end,
 Glad home-duties greet her coming ;
 Who will succour ? who will send ?

Age of chivalry is ended,
 Holier memory help invites ;
 Woman Jesus truest tended,
 Christians must revere her rights.

Honour to our British nobles !
 Ever first in field or hall,
 First their sires for glory's baubles,
 First the sons at mercy's call.

Herbert, Ashley, raise the standard,
 " Help these abject ones " their cry ;
 Mercy, justice, lead the vanguard,
 Britons to the rescue hie !

She, the first of England's ladies,
 Liege-love of our hearts and lives,
 Glorious most where need of aid is,
 Bounteously her sanction gives.

Nation buying all things lowest !
 Wisdom I would not arraign,
 But reflect what help thou owest,
 To these victim-serfs of gain !

Jesus came to Jairus' daughter,
Early laid in death's repose,
'Mid the mocking crowd he sought her,
At his word the maid arose.

Followers of him, let no man
Scorning stay your Christ-like strife,
Strive to raise the needlewoman
To new world, new hope, new life.

Meditations in Passion Week.

SUNDAY.

NOT mid the fervid multitudes that throng
 The feast-expectant city "lodged" the Lord
 Those days of doom impending ; but among
 Bethany's grateful few social accord
 He sought : haply that world-sequestered calm,
 And sympathy that tremblingly adored,
 Solaced the "man of sorrows" with love-balm,
 More odorous than the ointment Mary poured.

Mysterious heart-hardness ! who can feel,
 As he would feel, with awe and grief intense,
 This solemn tide's sad record ? So dulls sense
 Of things unseen the world, so quenches zeal !
 Blest he, who can seek shade this week, and finds
 His home a Bethany of tranquil minds.

MONDAY.

NOW broods the power of darkness : but as gleams
The lightning from the louring thunder-cloud,
So glory blackest woe precedes. Truth beams,
Truth flashes on the myriad Jews that crowd
To meet their king—the meek one glorified.
Hosannahs hail him ; old palm branches raise ;
Young garments strew ; babes swell the shout of praise :
Symphonious triumph ! vain the envious chide :
This hour the conscious stones, as prophet did,
Would cry, “ Behold your king.” Yon faithless city
The lowly rider dooms ; but weeps in pity,
That from her eyes such wondrous “ peace is hid.”
How sweet to contemplate, this week of ruth,
Those tears of tenderness, that blaze of truth.

TUESDAY.

OF the Lamb's wrath shone forth monition dread,
 When from his Father's house profaned he cast
 The traffickers. As leaves from whirlwind's blast,
 So from the impulse of his will they fled.
 This whelming world—it throngs the heart of men ;
 Heart's inmost courts buyers and sellers press,
 Care-cumber'd thoughts,—bart'ring peace, holiness,
 For vain imaginings. Oh what “a den
 Of thieves” riot those thoughts, robbing the Lord
 Of honour due ! Temple where Christ would dwell
 That heart ! if in its depths kept watch his word,
 “The Spirit's sword” foes spiritual to expel.

Purge, holy spirit, as refiner's fire,
 This burdened heart, ere comes the Lord in ire.

WEDNESDAY.

DREAD sign this morn th' amazed disciples see,
The leafy fig-tree withered from its root,
Witnessing nature's God and his decree,
Faith saves, but dead is faith that bears not fruit.
The Lord his temple seeks, denouncing woe ;
Woe to the Pharisees' foul works of pride !
Woe to the righteousness of outward show !
Who then shall stand, or who his coming bide ?
A widow next the heart-discerner saw
Into God's treasury cast out of her want
Two mites ; and he proclaimed that offering scant,
More than the rich had poured. Eternal law
To faith that works by love earth's judge hath made
Those mites the measure of love's amplest aid.

HELP THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

VOICE there is demanding pity,
Voice denouncing vengeful curse ;
Voice from village, town, and city,
Dungeon-deep, and depth e'en worse.

Not from sin's polluted hovels,
Where in ragged infant swarm,
God's degraded image grovels,
Peals that death-note of alarm.

All unconscious of all better,
Ragged thralls of rugged doom,
Little fear they human fetter,
Nothing reck of wrath to come.

'Tis the wail of watching spirit,
Angel weeping o'er their state,
For they do God's breath inherit,
Living souls they ARE create !

Nor from lips where crime ferocious
Blends with infant impotence ;
Puny might with will precocious,
Bursts vindictive eloquence.

Nought they know how man neglects them ;
 'Tis of fiends the welcome wild,
 Welcoming, when man rejects them,
 Welcoming each ragged child.

Men and brethren ! fathers ! mothers !
 Patriots of this glorious land !
 What is it within you smothers,
 Mercy to that outcast band ?

By what best of hope allures you,
 Good on earth or good beyond,
 Help ! that warning voice adjures you,
 Will not conscience " help " respond ?

Patriots contemplate the canker,
 Eating to your country's core ;
 Day by day it festers ranker,
 Purge betimes this social sore.

Christian parents ! while caressing
 Babes more dear than life itself,
 Is your earnest prayer for blessing
 Richer than Peruvian pelf ?

Then deserve it ; for your own ones
 Living water if ye hope,
 To these least of Jesu's lone ones
 Will you not vouchsafe one drop ?

Mothers ! is there sight of horror
 More your sympathy to swell,
 Than a mother weeping for her
 Son ; whose doom is death and hell ?

Yes ; a sight more dread to dwell on,
 More imploring piteous care ;
 Look on yon poor infant felon ;
 He ne'er heard a mother's prayer ;

Never knew those fond monitions,
 Memory of which can move :
 Oft we learn in crime's traditions,
 Criminal most stern to love.

Yet more hideous sight of wonder !
 Well may make an angel grieve !
 Parents revelling on the plunder ;
 Parents training child to thief !

Oh ! most sacred love of parent !
 Holy instinct ! how profaned !
 Helpless infancy that dare n't,
 Cannot doubt a Sire's demand !

Men of God ! your Lord's example,
 Following with faithful heed,
 Here of love is labour ample,
 Here is work of utmost need.

Help in faith ; your Lord will own it,
 Healing earliest sin—disease,
 “ Inasmuch as ye have done it,
 Unto one the least of these.”

May the star that near the manger
 Where that Lord was lowly laid,
 Led the trusting eastern stranger,
 Bringing tributary aid ;

May the love that near the cripple,
 Friendless at Bethesda's pool,
 Led the Saviour, his disciple
 Guide to help each ragged school !

THAT SABBATH BELL.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN.

Air,—St. Petersburg's bells.

THAT sabbath bell, that sabbath bell,
 What gracious tidings it doth tell !
 Jesus himself the Lord invites
 To feast on earth of heaven's delights.
 Stay not away in joy or woe,
 In summer's heat or winter's snow.

The Lord who left his home of bliss,
 To save so sad a world as this,
 Bids us abandon earthly thought,
 And in his house of him be taught.
 Stay not away in joy or woe,
 In summer's heat or winter's snow.

He bids us come for he is there,
 Where two or three commune in prayer;
 Jesus is there, oh love divine !
 Where worms like we in praise combine.
 Shall we not go in joy or woe,
 In summer's heat or winter's snow ?

What raiment rich ? what offering ?

What adoration need we bring ?

A spirit meek, a heart contrite,

Are robes most lovely in his sight.

Stay not away in joy or woe,

In summer's heat or winter's snow.

What gifts will his free grace provide

For all who in his truth confide,

Peace, consolation, hope to all ;

Oh ! when we hear that church-bell call,

Thither with willing feet we'll go,

In summer's heat or winter's snow.

THANKS FOR MORE SABBATH REST.

WHETHER observance meet of sabbath rest,
 Mercy-memorial of created earth,
 Be built on law coeval with time's birth,
 On Sinai's mount confirmed more manifest ;
 Or gospel love, that Gentile points and Jew
 To peace perpetual, does with light more full
 E'en as the dawn shines out night's lamp, annul
 " Regard of days," all to God's glory due ;
 Why cavil ? will not one day dedicate
 Sense of redeeming love to labour's pause,
 To care's repose, God's courts ? Blessings still wait
 Nations and men thus honouring faith's cause :
 Joy then to Britain ! that mute eloquence
 Of sabbath purer kept shall light and love dispense.

June, 1850.

THE WATERY SKY.

HOW soothing on this watery sky to gaze,
Ere the rain falls ; while o'er the vast expanse
Of varied vapour wide the eye doth glance,
Fantastic wreaths ! dense mass or fleecy haze !
The mind expatiates as in dreamy trance
Of sympathy with yon grey shadowy maze ;
All grey, all balmy tints of soft chaste grey.
What power to mildness melts these glooms of cloud ?
Light struggling to serene tempestuous day.
Light's struggle fails, the sky is earth's dank shroud.
Nor sorrow's clouds *unlit* can soothe to peace
The penitent, nor give to grief repose ;
Only as Jesus shineth ; should he cease
To illuminate their shade, how dark life's woes !

“FEAR NOT, LITTLE FLOCK.”

**FEAR not, little flock,
 Jesu’s promise faithful stands,
 Graven on eternal rock,
 None shall pluck you from his hands.**

**Little flock, fear not,
 Vainly life’s allurements tempt,
 Trust ! and love shall be your lot,
 Perfect love from fear exempt.**

**Fear not, little flock,
 Only with your hearts believe ;
 Vainly shall life’s tempests shock,
 Closer to your shepherd cleave.**

**Little flock, fear not,
 Israel’s shepherd does not sleep ;
 Not the least of you forgot,
 Not the least but he will keep.**

**Fear not, little flock,
 Angels minist’ring are sent ;
 Fools may scorn you, scoffers mock ;
 Angels joy when you repent.**

Little flock, fear not,
Daily sin may daily urge,
Precious is the blood to blot,
Plenteous is the fount to purge !

Fear not, little flock,
Children 'tis your father's pleasure,
Zion's gates for you t' unlock,
Gates of his celestial treasure.

Little flock, fear not,
Pilgrims soon your toil is past ;
Soon to an abiding spot,
Jesus welcomes you at last.

POESY IN AGE.

AN old grey wall I sought, lichens my quest ;
 Girding a mountain thwaite, long had it stood
 Brave battling winter's snow, autumnal flood,
 And all bleak breezes of the rude south-west.

Time-rear'd oft had I on that wall admired
 A multitude of mosses ; and in nooks
 More sheltered, ferns, that with contrasting looks
 Of vigorous green, its hoary front attired.

Type of life—truth that pile so clad impresses !
 Man's heart,—if faithful to life's sacred use ;
 Time, though it visit roughly, will diffuse
 Some verdure clinging to its calm recesses.

Up springing from a lichen's dank decay
 A flower I spied, a wild geranium.
 How could the tender changeling thither come,
 To couch so cold and from its kin astray ?

Haply some zephy'r, perfume-thief, the seed
 Had stol'n, and nurs'd its growth with mystic power,
 Vigour of lichen dead. In such strange bower,
 Precious it blooms, elsewhere a slighted weed.

Nor lacks that alien flow'r ideal grace ;
 Nestling its pink cheek on that hoary wall,
 Affection's fairest group the twain recall,
 Infancy fondled in grey sire's embrace.

But chief it emblems feeling, that restrained
 By life's realities and earnest strife
 Is pent in manhood ; 'till decay of life
 Yields it in poesy an utterance faint.

So would I now mine energy grows sere,
 As withering lichen, in life's wane voice raise ;
 Unworthy be it as yon flow'r, of praise,
 Yet voice that chaunts of a more tranquil sphere.

If fed the flow'r by waste of what there grew ;
 How watered is it ? Lo it lifteth up
 Its petals heav'nward, forming ruby cup,
 Where glisten's one pure drop of diamond dew.

No taint of earth that dew-drop stains : its orb
 But mirrors earth's fair hues ; high heav'n its source.
 So may my lays reflect sweet nature's force
 While from celestial fount they light absorb.

“ALL SCRIPTURE IS GIVEN BY INSPIRATION FROM GOD.”

I.

MY children, pondering oft, as parent must
 Whose heart-desire is that we all may meet
 To cast pure faith's bright crowns at Jesu's feet ;
 Pondering what perils threat your simple trust
 In life's dread path, most fear I those false guides,
 Who love the loveliness in Jesus shewn,
 God's glory in his face revealed who own,
 And that his truth somehow, somewhere abides
 In his authentic book, but hail it not
 All God-inspired, his voice articulate.
 My children, never from your Bible bate
 One reverent breath ; cleave to that refuge-spot
 Where *all* with God may commune and be still,
 And lowliest hearts undoubting learn his will.

II.

Long had he yearn'd for TRUTH, that pedant pale ;
 Polemic tomes cumber his cloister's shelves ;
 With heart-toil he had dug their depths, as delves
 Earth-slave for gold. Light sought he, nor did fail

God's book to search : but dark he would it make
 With light's excess : for finding its full page,
 Like tree with leaves and not all fruit-blind sage !
 As oracle of God, he did not take
 Its all-sufficient word. Yet was he meek :
 Meek, earnest seeking is with God as prayer ;
 Nor always baffled did that pilgrim seek :
 Up Calvary at last ! what finds he there ?
 God's truth, Christ's cross, and at its foot light's fount,
 Lost myriads, woe ! must all so climb that mount.

III.

Another day of toil for daily bread !
 That wearied widow, glad she greets its close
 By her lone hearth. Ere her faint limbs repose,
 As wont with daily grace she would be fed
 From Bible-source : she labours not for light,
 But reverent kneels. The God of comfort shines
 On her meek heart, unfolding to her sight
 In lot most desolate his wise designs.
 God's word ! it speaks with her 'as friend with friend ;'
 His spirit aids, and clearly she discerns
 The fulness of redeeming love, and learns
 Submission here, looking to faith's bright end.
 Oh ! what a world were this had God not sent
 That word, sure witness of his love's intent.

AFFLICTION SANCTIFIED.

LIFE is troublous, life is trial ;
 Faith can seldom root in calm,
 But in life's most bitter vial
 Mercy ever mingles balm.

Even when th' afflicted ceases
 Desolate to dream relief,
 Trust in recompense increases,
 Glory's crown for patience brief.

And it drops abounding sweetness
 In life's cup of gall, to know,
 Meekly suffering more in meetness
 For eternal rest we grow.

Hope deferred, the worn heart sickens ;
 But if faith be at its core,
 Hope from its own ashes quickens,
 Like the fabled bird to soar.

In the darkness light arises,
 Light of Christ's monition sure,
 Sorrow feels it realizes
 What the Christian must endure.

Word revealed in sorrow lengthened,
 Clearer shines on sinner vile ;
 Faith he finds is " stablished, strengthened,
 After suffering for a while."

Vanity of sin's illusion,
 Though we loathe, and dread its sting,
 Yet its shades in strange confusion
 With our better yearnings cling.

Often only when forsaken,
 Of all joys that gladden life,
 Does the slumbering soul awaken,
 Steadfast for its heavenward strife.

" Whom God loveth, him he chastens ;"
 Precious truth believers prove ;
 Truth of him who ever hastens
 Out of clouds to beam with love.

Welcome chast'ning ! were it only
 That it kindles fervent prayer ;
 Heart grief-stricken, humbled, lonely,
 Earnest casts on God its care.

Comfort richer could he send us,
Refuge for all sufferers faint ?
Jesus pattern came stupendous,
“Man of sorrows” without plaint.

Oh ye toil-worn ! ye who languish,
Wailing waste of hopes or frame,
Or whatever shape of anguish,
Destined tribulation came,

Could ye with strong faith’s clear vision
But one moment’s view obtain
Of eternity’s fruition,
Sanctified submission’s gain ;

Could ye foretaste bliss, whose essence
Is redeeming love’s full thought,
One glimpse of his glorious presence,
Whose death-woe salvation bought ;

Ye would count a life’s endurance
By that moment’s bliss repaid ;
Ye would wait in meek assurance,
And your cross bear undismayed.

UP SKIDDAW.

UP boys ! the sun uprisen with gradual sway
Masters grey morn, and fires her tiny stars
Of diamond dew, portending goodly day,
Lustrous of hope : no cloud the presage mars.
Up boys ! the sun from Skiddaw's breast now chases
The truant vapours to their destined skies.
How fresh this air ! its breezy vigour braces
The heart for hardest holiday emprise.
Up Skiddaw, boys ! meet morn for such ascent !
Who will not climb ? by climbing disciplin'd
Not only are the sinews, but the mind.
For what is life, its being, its intent ?
All aspiration ; pent in dust it came
But woe ! if cleaves to dust its heavenly flame.

TO MY DEAR LITTLE ELLEN.

I MISS my little Ellen much,
I miss her ways most winning, such
As true affection taught her ;
Not closer ivy clings to oak,
Nor mercy to affliction's yoke,
Than cleaves to me, my daughter.

I think of her, and then she seems
To warm my darkest waking dreams,
Like sunshine in December ;
Reminding of all home-delights,
That sped our days, and lit our nights,
Bright contrast to remember.

How pleasant was our lake-side walk,
Enlivened by admiring talk,
And oft with merry banter ;
No landscape here for lavish praise,
But the more dull my lone foot strays,
The more I feel I want her.

Pleasant it was aloud to read
Story of high or holy deed,
And watch her eager listening ;

Here I can read, but words in books
 Breathe cold without her glowing looks,
 In sympathy bright glistening.

Those little active duteous hands,
 Anticipating all demands,
 I long to clasp their pressure :
 One note of voice that time will soon
 Teach "most melodious fine tune,"
 Would be a very treasure.

Each morn I miss her most, for there
 She stood expectant on the stair,
 'Till I had finished dressing ;
 One kiss—and then she would rehearse
 Some precious text or pious verse,
 Beginning day with blessing.

We shared between us goodly toil ;
 I was the sower, she the soil,
 God's Word the seed in season :
 Providing for life's every want,
 Right earnestly we strove to plant
 That Word in heart and reason.

I look'd that day by day I should
 See leaf by leaf, and bud by bud,
 That plant of hope expanding :
 I must not mark the increase rise,
 Who gives it willeth otherwise,
 Duty far off demanding.

Sad thought ! but mingled with much glow
 Of thankfulness, for well I know
 'Tis nurtured by another ;
 Whose culture will more worthy prove
 To train my plant to Christian love,
 Her own dear gentle mother.

Best mate she has ; example pure,
 A loving sister will allure
 To lights that life illumine ;
 Like roses on one stem both grown,
 The bud will from the flow'r more blown
 Sweet lesson take in blooming.

He who decrees this absence drear,
 Will deign a trustful prayer to hear,
 A father's for his daughter ;
 Trusting the "little children's" friend
 Will let that prayer in dew descend,
 Heav'ns dew my plant to water.

THE PENT BARD AND THE CAGED BIRD.

BOLD bird ! how can'st thou trill thy song,
 As though thy native copse among,
 Regardless of this city-throng ?
 In sooth thou'rt not romantic :
 There, perched in cage on dull brick wall,
 From morn to eve thou'rt prodigal
 Of lays, that rural joys recall,
 And drive a dreamer frantic.

Aye, there thou sittest unconcerned,
 Not scared by crowds with gaze upturned,
 As tho' for all thy bosom burned,
 Each passer by coquetting.
 If thou couldst mind humanity,
 Certes it would be vanity ;
 In Tasso 'twas insanity,
 Such bars in song forgetting.

Of shame or wrong thou hast no sense ;
 Thy sentiment is mere pretence,
 Or bonds with such indifference
 Thou couldst not brook supinely.

I well believe no brother thrush,
 Embowered in bloomiest hawthorn bush,
 Where woodlands wave, and waters gush,
 Could carol more divinely.

When first I heard thy matin-strain,
 Waking from dream of home-sick pain,
 Methought I heard at home again

My own choir herald morning.
 Up sprang I from my couch, a friend
 At last I've found, dull hours to mend ;
 We twain our tuneful woes will blend
 In sympathetic scorning.

Anon came chirping from thy throat
 Of joy so palpable a note,
 As put fine fancies all afloat,

My melancholy mocking.
 Better that voice of thine were mute,
 Than with such ill-timed mirth salute
 Thy fellow-exile ! senseless brute !
 These merry shouts are shocking.

Mayhap thou never hadst a mate ;
 No little ones did e'er elate
 Thy fond heart with their pretty prate ;

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Thou know'st not exile's sorrow :
 Never at morn or twilight dim,
 Was it thy wont their plumes to trim,
 And train them how to soar to Him,
 Who spurns not e'en the sparrow.

Haply, poor bird ! thou young wast caught,
 Long ere dame Nature had thee taught
 What bliss inhabits regions wrought
 By mightier hands than mortals.
 Thine apathy no more I'll taunt ;
 Freedom to thee was ne'er a want :
 What marvel that thou dost not pant
 To pass thy prison's portals.

A glimpse of blue sky glads thy sight
 With such ecstatic deep delight,
 It stirs thee with melodious might
 Thy gratitude to warble.
 The sun but glancing on thy wall
 Invokes a voice more musical
 Than when his Libyan beams did fall
 Of old on Memnon's marble.

I do mistake thy mirth ;—content,
 A trustful heart and innocent,
 Enliven thee to praise, though pent

Lone captive in loud city.
 Not I, but thou must censure me ;
 Confess I do that now I see
 More wisdom in thy cheerful glee,
 Than breathes in plaintive ditty.

A light does on my spirit dawn :
 Better chaunt praise than mope and yawn ;
 No monitor in sleeves of lawn
 More suasively impresses.
 He who decrees our daily lot,
 His will is that we murmur not ;
 If care be trustingly forgot,
 Immurement drear he blesses.

No walls can Christian hope immure ;
 The world shut out, faith shines more pure,
 Rejoicingly it bides secure
 From sin's insidious mazes.
 Bound in Philippi's dungeon gloom,
 And sore from stripes of recent doom,
 Yet holy joy could Paul illume
 With Silas to sing praises.

When mercy comes in misery's guise,
 And trouble heart-endurance tries,
 Strong faith exults to realize

The blessed Christian verity ;
That " God is love," and all his will,
Substantial good or seeming ill,
They doubt not, but with zeal fulfil,
Who trust him in sincerity.

That conscious moment—come it must,
When soars the soul and dust greets dust,
If with the speed of whirlwind's gust,
One retrospect be given.
Where will it lingeringly repose ?
Not where life's stream earth's splendour shows,
But on pent pools, where only glows
Reflected light of heaven.

ON A VIOLET SENT MARCH 4th, 1850.

SWEET earliest violet,
Sent by my youngest pet,
Wafting love firm as fond !
If such frail offering
Can to a father bring
Deep delight words beyond ;

Better I comprehend
How the All-wise can lend
Ear to faith's feeblest vent ;
He is " our Father " too,
And with indulgent view
Looks to the heart's intent.

A CRAB-TREE BLOSSOMING.

WHAT does my daughter from this bank allure,
That scans long reach of Derwent's fair delight ?
A crab-tree blossoming ! fresh blushy white,
So pink, so pale, so exquisitely pure,
That from the mind, tun'd by this vernal glory,
Lull'd by the river's flow, earth it erases,
Breathing of sphere more blest a mystic story,
As infants do with their sweet holy faces.
Nor in the fruitage is the semblance less :
That bloom of promise, which now charms the sense,
Of culture owns no fostering influence ;
Time but matures its growth to bitterness.
In children too heaven's tint earth's taint soon stains,
Unless "th' engrafted word" their wild heart trains.

THE DERWENT FROM OUSE BRIDGE.

BEAUTEOUS river, silent glowing,
Few regard thee seaward flowing ;
From the lake-land, from the mountain,
From all lips thy praise recounting,
Thro' these arches why so rapid ?
Was thy glaring lake-life vapid ?
Hence thine haste to bounds more humbling,
Almost o'er yon islet tumbling ;
On by park of gentlest lady,
Where the deer range pastures glady ;
On thro' woodland's deep recesses,
Where the birch-tree bathes her tresses ;
Wood o'er wood from far slopes pendent,
Leafy glory how resplendent !
Now by fields, whose culture tinges
Harvest gold thine em'rald fringes ;
'Mid a maze of tangled bushes,
Hazel, hawthorn, now thy rush is ;
Alders, ash, whose spectral branches
Scare the flood their roots that blanches ;
Oft mid sheltered banks thou 'rt vagrant,
With the earliest primrose fragrant ;
O'er thee broad oaks fling their shadows,
Belting tranquil trackless meadows ;

Tim'rous duck seeks brave thy sedges,
 Heron haunts thy secret ledges,
 Where the trout lurks in his travel
 Questing couch of genial gravel :
 Nothing rude profanes thy quiet,
 Save the merry sunbeam's riot ;
 Or when moonlight on thee slumbers,
 Or thy speed huge bowlder cumbers,
 Or some pebbly bank is pushing
 Loud against thy waters rushing ;
 Skiddaw from his sky-capt station
 Views his nursling with elation ;
 Grassy fells, whose streamlets feed thee,
 With high-parting glances heed thee.
 Few else mark thy silver mazes,
 Fewer vaunt thy sylvan graces,
 Warbled o'er by wild bird only,
 Lovely river ! loveliest lonely !

He for like seclusion yearneth
 Who the precious truth discerneth .
 What avails ambition grandest ?
 What can profit pleasure blandest ?
 Life, how like that rapid river,
 Soon its waters must deliver
 Onward, onward, to a region
 Nought can gild but life's religion.

Lake and mountain—nurtured Derwent,
 Thou must bide ungenial ferment ;
 River ! ere thou reachest ocean,
 Thou must suffer strange commotion.
 Thou wilt pass in thine expansion
 Feudal castle, ancient mansion,
 Lonely churchyard, graves of races,
 All to thee familiar faces ;
 Distant towers thy minstrel's resting
 " Bosomed high " 'mid hills sequestering,
 Peaceful seat, or home of peasant,
 Well becoming banks so pleasant.
 Not so haunts of busy mortals,
 Trade careering at their portals,
 Grimy soot and smoke abounding,
 Din thy stilly deeps astounding,
 Stir, to agitate thee frantic,
 Now profane thy charms romantic.
 What tho' trade thy bosom hallows,
 Thanks to inconvenient shallows !
 Side by side with thee it places
 Element discordant's traces ;
 With thy liquid murmurs mingle
 Fiery engine's pant and jingle ;
 Strange contrasting thy calm leisure,
 Fiery engine's forward pressure ;

Hence to ocean thou must battle,
 Resonant with railway rattle.
 Yet nor din, nor fume bereave all
 Freshness from thy face primeval ;
 Disregarding fume and ferment
 On thou glidest, glorious Derwent, }
 Unpolluted, shining, fervent !
 Seaward so serenely hastening,
 Very look of thee is chastening.

So if life must needs be tended
 In a path with tumult blended ;
 Pent in cities, passed in places
 Vanity of man defaces ;
 Turbulence more melancholy,
 Crowds pursuing sin and folly ;
 If its course be inobtrusive,
 Like yon river peace-diffusive,
 Shewing in all kindness tender
 Some proof of Immanuel's splendor ;
 Solemnly it chaunts the lesson,
 Whither bound its currents press on,
 Onward, onward to an ocean
 Worthy well a life's devotion.

SKATING.

BRAVE pastime, boys ! that motion disenthral
From labour ; swift as frolick thought's fleet glance
Ye glide along our broad lake's bright expanse,
Whirring and whirling whither fancy calls.
Brave exercise ! that mind and frame sets free
From burden of earth-clog ; for each it girds
With faculty of flight : well in your glee
Ye boast through space to skim, like buoyant birds.
Be like the eagle, boys ! that heavenward soars ;
Him ever seek in your imaginings,
Who bears you o'er time's waters 'neath his wings,
And safe can land you on th' eternal shores ;
There myriads jubilant more fervent move,
Than now ye float, their impulse grateful love.

THE MIST-PRISM.

YON scene, our daily joy, with mist did reek
Storm-freed, exhaling incense of mute praise,
That wreath'd all heights, save Skiddaw's loftiest peak,
With fleecy folds. Out gleamed the sun's last rays
Refulgent as on prism. What glorious lavishment
Of rainbow gorgeousness, each glow, each hue,
Blazon'd the vapoury maze! We could not view
Our daily joy so deck'd without heart-ravishment.
Oft to my waking dreams I paint that scene;
Ever old Skiddaw o'er the glare ideal
Soars, as that eve he soared with brow serene;
Semblance sublime of faith substantial, real;
By grace sustained in atmosphere more pure
Than error's mists can dazzle or obscure.

THE BEST BUD.

"With the same measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."—*Luke vi. 38.*

"A ROSE the most fair you can find I must have,
Dear Elly, to gather one, speed."

A rose was presented with countenance grave,
Disguising a frolicsome deed.

"You teaze! could you think," cried my Mary in
scorn,

"I would give mamma flow'r nearly dead?
No vigour is left in this rose but its thorn;
The freshness she loves is all fled."

"Go bring the *best bud*; for in such she delights,
And to watch its sweet petals expand;
Half her joy in a flower is to see it requites
With blooming her watering hand."

My daughters, unconscious a moral ye speak,
Very meet on young minds to impress
Best bud for your mother, ye lovingly seek;
Will ye give to your God measure less?

L

Your best and your earliest affections are his ;
Not your own but of Jesus the due ;
Consider the price of eternity's bliss,
The ransom he rendered for you.

If ye wait until sickness or sorrow consume ;
Or old age drag on life to its close ;
Or the world with its glare shall have withered your
bloom ;
Ye will come like yon cast-away rose.

His mercy so boundless will never reject ;
But what anguish! what shame must they taste !
Who can only look back on a youth of neglect,
A fragrance exhaust in life's waste.

Will ye offer to God " of what nothing doth cost ? "
Such David disdained in old time :
No ! give him your heart, while he values it most,
In the joy and the strength of its prime.

Remember the promise so bounteously large,
To all who seek God in their youth :
Tender plants of his love he will take you in charge,
And bedew with his grace and his truth.

REVERENCE.

MY Children, good it is that where ye dwell,
From morn to eve, where'er your young eyes gaze,
Ye look upon this mighty mountain maze,
Storing with awe the deeps of memory's cell.
Impress these prodigies of God must make ;
Even the waters loit'ring at their base
Oft bear the image of their glorious face,
Light comes, and calm, their shadows tinge the lake.
Like solemn shadowings may your spirits feel,
When on your tranquil hours shines gospel truth ;
Heart-hush these heights not vainly teach your youth.
Soon must ye walk a busy world ; of zeal
In things of time, much energy intense
In things divine, but lacking reverence.

EARTH IS "GOOD."

"Behold it was very good."

WHY does earth yet yield us flowers ?

Why do stars the night illumine ?

Tell they not ? this world of ours

Is not meant ALL thorns and gloom.

Sin from earth engendered thorns ;

Keep down thorns and sin subdue ;

Earth again each flower adorns,

Fair as first in Eden grew.

Sin prevailed ; by sin came death ;

Darkness must with death combine :

Let there be in Jesus faith,

Light returns with life divine.

Then shine out a thousand things,

Bright'ning ocean, earth, and air ;

Fanning as with angels wings

Embers dull of heart-despair.

'Tis the soul of man within,
 Quickens sense, or deadens sight :
 Cumbered with the veil of sin,
 All he views is gloom and blight.

But by Jesus reconciled,
 By his Spirit's breath new-born,
 Not more free a little child
 Plucks pure joys in life's fresh morn.

" To the pure all things are pure ;"
 To the blest all make for bliss ;
 How can clouds without obscure,
 When within the day spring is.

Faith from films the vision frees,
 Colours earth, and shapes each form ;
 Love in all a father sees,
 Or in sunshine, or in storm.

Then earth blooms as in its prime,
 Forest-grandeur, lake-repose
 Beauteous vale, or mount sublime,
 Each a father's goodness shews.

L 2

Then it is a glorious earth ;
Nature echos Scripture's voice,
He who gave its glory birth,
Bids in word and works "rejoice."

Mourner ! do you doubt this creed ?
Look but in yon sky's glad blue,
Nor a sunbeam-record need,
Does your heart not *feel* it true ?

SILENCE.

GLORIOUS is eloquence ; doubt it dispels
Truth kindles ; action stirs ; and as the moon
All gathered glow reflecting ocean swells,
Heart-deeps it heaves. Of God it is great boon.
But greater gift is silence, faith its source,
Its strength faith's " quietness and confidence."
When wrongs tumultuous indignation force,
Nor calm rebuke to right can influence ;
Nobler than fervid speech is firm restraint
Of ready words. Silence was attribute
Of Christ not least divine, mid railers mute,
Suffering nor threat he uttered nor complaint.
Imaged " as sheep before his shearers dumb,"
What might ! what meekness to our vision come !

“THE PATIENCE OF THE SAINTS.”

WHERE waits “the patience of the saints?”

Where dwells that energy divine?

Incense of love that never faints,

What shape serene its earthly shrine?

A pearl it is—deep hid in home,

Where faith strives strong amid the waves

Of troublous life; the wild waves foam

That pearl of price but purer laves.

A plant—of hardy growth and low;

The Rock of ages feeds its bloom;

Ruder the world’s bleak tempests blow,

That plant but yields more fresh perfume.

A tear—meek as by mother shed,

Weeping, firm trusting while she weeps,

Her prattler hushed, the dear child dead.

Better in Jesu’s bosom sleeps.

A smile—calm as on mountain’s breast

Soft moonlight sleeps, such smiles repose

On him who feels how heavenly rest

Will recompense all life’s brief woes.

A sigh—heaved as th' oppressor's voice
 Startles the care-worn victim's ear ;
 But Jesus bids “ endure ! rejoice ! ”
 Glorious deliverance draws near.

A word—a gentle word which oft
 Pride softens to responsive tone ;
 And oft subdues the lip that scoffed
 Immanuel's worthiness to own.

A look—a calm forbearing look,
 Like as his Lord on Peter turn'd ;
 And at that silent sad rebuke
 The conscious boaster melting mourned.

A prayer—the Christian sufferer pleads,
 Proof of discipleship most true,
 While scorned and scathed his crushed heart bleeds,
 “ Father ! they know not what they do.”

Praise—the perfection of faith's peace,
 “ All things against ” that praise but move ;
 When in each cross th' afflicted sees
 All things but work a Father's love.

“The patience of the saints”—on earth
 So meek its form ; but not a gem
 At Jesu’s feet of richer worth
 Irradiates faith’s diadem.

THE WITNESS IN ITSELF.

I.

“God’s word is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.”—*Heb. iv. 12.*

I HAVE been young, and now can count of life
 Much varied page perused, pondered much more :
 Man’s real life, it is my all earth-lore :
 Ever too prone of seeming peace or strife,
 Of vaunted good or ill to probe the core,
 Sounding the shallows in life’s stream so rife.
 My children will the testimony take
 Of one experienced, if not wisely well :
 Grand inquest, truth ! eternity the stake !
 My children’s stake ! I would the witness swell ;
 Less than of God there cannot breathe within
 That book, whose light so searchingly doth scan,
 Whose voice so plain unfolds that maze of sin,
 That dark mysterious maze, the heart of man.

II.

"The Word was made flesh . . . full of grace and truth."

John i. 14.

WHAT tho' nor Sinai's thunderings now attest,
 Nor voice from heaven authenticates the page
 Of the Son's word ; a miracle from age
 To wondering age, *there! there!* is manifest ;
 Ye thinkers own the miracle of mind.
 Not all creative power of Greek ideal,
 Not all concentric force of Roman ~~zeal~~,
 Could shape, what in the Nazarene we find
 Of man's perfection. Centuries have rolled ;
 Men are wise censors grown ; they windows make
 E'en in the breasts of Heroes ; spots behold
 E'en in the sun's bright disk ; but cannot shake
 The one consent, " We find in him no fault."
 What less than God could manhood so exalt ?

III.

"The engrafted word, which is able to save your souls."

James i. 21.

IF the word spoken, and the Word that spoke,
 God manifest ; not less their author prove
 The means to man remedial of sin's yoke ;
 Their fitness, fulness, dignity, and love.

God must that love be, which deliv'rance could
So fit devise, not vilest casting out ;
Fountain could fill with such atoning blood,
Its very dignity dispels all doubt.
Oft faints true pilgrim, feeling self and pride
His zeal's best efforts utterly abase :
Then cheers glad truth, salvation is of grace,
" 'Tis God that justifies, 'tis Christ that died !"
Faith working love, divine effectual scheme !
Such mercy to lost man could MAN dare dream ?

CHRISTIAN SENSIBILITY.

"Fervent in spirit."

MUSIC stirs such deep emotion
 In the hearts that own its sway,
 Oft it even swells devotion,
 Oft can sweep life's care away.

Passion-flowers too often wreath it ;
 Must we music's aid refuse,
 Tho' we know that angels breathe it,
 And their harps its hymn-notes use ?

So it is with fervent feeling,
 Unsubdued it kindles sin ;
 Must we quench each spark revealing
 Flame of earnest warmth within ?

Shall we crush each heart-affection,
 Gen'rous, genial as they rise ?
 Rather bring them in subjection
 To the faith that purifies.

M

**"Faith that works by love" will flourish
Feebly in a cold heart's soil ;
Fire it needs its force to nourish,
For life's conflict, grief, and toil.**

**Faith, that bids us help each other,
All in holy union blend,
And all breathing greet as brother,
Needs rich store of love to spend.**

**Love, that follows Christ's example,
Swells with such a boundless tide,
Heaven's vault has not spread more ample,
Utmost earth not space more wide.**

**Aliment such love sustaining,
Is the sense of sin aton'd ;
Heart expands, redemption gaining,
Heart where Jesus dwells enthroned.**

**Such the love in primal ages
Could the very heathen move,
Marvelling amid their rages,
" See these Christians, how they love !"**

Ardent zeal must burn in bosoms
 That such energy would shew ;
 Rose-like when the desert blossoms,
 Central fire beneath must glow.

Cherish all that Jesus hallows
 In his life's benevolence ;
 Sympathies that ne'er grow callous,
 Charities of soul and sense.

Christian love has many voices,
 And a vestal's vigil keeps ;
 Now with him that joys rejoices,
 Now it weeps with him that weeps.

Treasure tears, love-pearls the finest :
 Joseph wept ; and greater still,
 While displaying power divinest,
 " Jesus wept " for human ill.

Precious tears ! what myriads borrow
 Consolation from their flow !
 That their God rebuked not sorrow !
 That their God could weep for woe !

Firmer faith oft woman renders,
Closest to her God she cleaves,
For her gentleness engenders
Fervency that fond believes.

That disciple was the dearest,
To his Lord, whose love was large ;
Place he gave his bosom nearest,
Gave his mother to his charge.

I believe the brightest mansion
Kept for saint who brings above
Heart most tender, soul-expansion
Boundless as redeeming love.

LIGHT.

DULL days there are, not oft, when you might deem,
Yon lake no lovelier than a big black bog ;
Skiddaw no nobler than a huge king log.
But wait what light can do ; let but a beam,
Effulgent effluence of sun unseen,
Touch the dim mountain with its golden glow,
Glancing on clouds above, on lake below ;
Lo ! in each lineament of shape and mien
Right royal breasts he, monarch of the wild.
Life-giving light ! change of more wondrous count
Thou canst revive in man by sin defiled ;
If he will seek thee earnest at thy fount,
Jesus—eternal fount, his spirit's breath,
His word, his works, life-sorrow, and his death.

Extracts from *Days of Early Life*

TO THE LARK.

SKY-LOVING bird! sweet lark! trim thy light wings!
 The merry spring is come, and thou wilt be
 Oh far the blithest of all living things;—
 How I, thy fellow-mortal, envy thee.
 Each dawn, each dewy dawn, thou wilt embalm
 Thy pretty plumes in those fond tears, which morn
 Weeps o'er young flow'rets; then away in scorn
 Of earth, up thine east path so bright, so calm,
 To greet the Lord of day at heaven's far gate
 Away thou'lt soar; and soaring wilt down glance
 On this fair world, one glowing glad expanse
 Of vernal joy.—That view it will elate
 Thy little heart, and thou wilt chaunt sweet notes,
 For song from grateful hearts aye sweetly floats.

1821.

**“LONG ERE THE SUN HAD
WAK'D.”**

**THIS morn a wild dream rous'd me from my couch
Long ere the sun had wak'd. 'Twas that grey hour,
When melancholy hath resistless pow'r ;
All they who sleep not 'neath her sway must crouch.
I op'd my casement ; stirless was the street,
At noon all life ; I mark'd one houseless Rambler,
None else, his echoing steps, no other feet :
How fearful felt I is a city's slumber !
That hour a spirit is abroad, that swells
Man's soul to fathom its divinity ;
With all its workings hath affinity,
And every thought to sacred musing quells.
I sat commercing with that spirit, 'till
Day's first glad beams my lonesome heart did thrill.**

1821.

**“THE MERRY, MERRY MONTH OF
MAY.”**

HAIL, blue-eyed May ! thy blithe heart well he knew
Who nam'd thee “ merry May : ” thee oft had seen
Trip it at daybreak o'er the meadows green,
Feeding thy fragrant charge with silver dew.
At dawn, thy witching hour, he must have quaff'd—
Aye, deeply quaff'd—the brightness of thy smile,
Thy all-enlivening smile of love ; the while
To thee, the young winds their fond whisp'rings waft.
I too, gazing on thee, do feel such buoyance
Of soul, that, all elate with thy sky-bird,
Fain would I wing my giddy flight heav'nward,
And sing or weep mine ecstasy of joyance ;
Grateful to *him* who sent thee, Nymph, on earth
To minister his boon of cheeriest mirth.

1821.

A SEASIDE MUSING.

TO THE OCEAN.

HOW cheering 'tis to wander on thy beach,
What time Sol from his eastern pillow rushes,
And greeting him each gladsome billow blushes !
Then whispers hope, that joy's within our reach.
'Tis cheering too, at noon, thy waves to view,
Thy gorgeous waves all glowing radiantly,
Where some proud fleet is floating gallantly,
Their white sails blending with the welkin blue.
Pale Hesper wanes, night's mantle thou dost gird ;
Night's breeze, wild prelude of fierce storm, is heard :
Then muse I on thy might, thy grandeur, Ocean !
My wildered eye loves fearfully to glance,
My soul to bound free o'er thy surg'd expanse,
And my swoll'n heart heaves with responsive motion.

1821.

THE INFANT'S VESPERS.

I SAW a youthful mother ;
 It was a holy sight—
Her sweet babe knelt before her,
 Amid the evening light.

Its little hands were claspéd
 In heav'nward attitude ;
How prettily she lispéd
 The only prayer she could !

The pray'r her mother taught her ;
 The mother, all the while
Was gazing on her daughter,
 And yet she did not smile.

But the bright tears in her dark eyes,
 More eloquently tell
The tender voiceless sympathies
 That in her bosom swell.

The suppliant was silent,
 Her orison seem'd o'er ;
Yet still she look'd as tho' she meant
 To pray for something more.

She look'd up in her mother's face,
She nestled on her breast,
And, oh ! how much that mute embrace
That timorous look express'd !

How much those long, long kisses speak,
Full well the lady knows ;
Those tears, that make her darling's cheek
Shine like a dew-bright rose.

The babe knelt down again, and pray'd
With tremulous devotion,
That heav'n her father dear would aid,
Her father on the ocean.

The mighty One, who calms the seas,
He heard that little child,
E'en while she pray'd, response of peace
The mother's care beguil'd.

1821.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

IT breathes of heaven ! No mortal music swells
With such pure joy my soul, as doth the chime,
Now floating down the vale, of Sabbath bells.
Sweetly they warn the rustic 'tis the time
Up this green hill to seek his house of pray'r,
Whose sky-girt spire soars eloquent of peace,
Of love to all. Anon the peal doth cease,
I, too, kneel with adoration there.
How solemn the deep hush of the blue sky,
Which not a stir intrudes upon ! All earth
Hallows his sabbath, who gave nature birth :
Nature responsive in mute ecstasy.
Each impulse here of sense, to holiness
Doth soothe the heart, to grateful lowliness.

1821.

A GARDEN MUSING.

ASK ye, why seem I with such fondness fraught,
 The while I tend this flower so frail and sere ?
 It is my last ! ah, know ye not how aught
 The last of joy is to the heart most dear.
 Perishing flower ! the blush that graced thy cheek
 And lured the young winds' wooing, now is fled ;
 And they have fled, false loves ! summer is dead ;
 And winter visits thee, oh, far too bleak.
 Pale flower ! thy all of fate was like man's life ;
 Thou in thy *loveliness* didst emblem youth,
 Gay blooming youth—with radiant hope all rife ;
 Thou in thy *leaflessness* dost type this truth,
 Life's summer's sun *will* set ; then where are they ?
 Those flattering hopes ! they too have passed away.

1822.

A NEW YEAR'S EVE MUSING.

'TIS midnight, fit shroud of the dying year !
My casement I will ope, but not to greet
The new year's birth, like some whose song I hear,
Mocking this solemn tide with mirth unmeet.
Peace, ye rude wassailers ! the night wind's moan
Is hush'd, all nature else in calm sublime
Doth reverence this hour. Shall man alone
Heed not this monitory march of time !
Oh ! who is he, whose thoughts can blithely beam
O'er the past year, and will not find some flower,
Mayhap, the sweetest in his hearted bower,
All faded now ! who dares unawed to dream
Of what another year's dim course may bring ?
If such Wight be, let *him* light carol sing.

1822.

A CHRISTMAS FIRESIDE MUSING.

FOR me this fireside with its Christmas gleam
No solace hath, no lure to social joys ;
It cannot cheer me from my waking dream,
My soul will parley with the tempest's voice.
Hark to the winds ! how fierce to-night they rave,
How fierce, and yet how sad ! I am not prone
To superstition, but that rushing moan
Sounds in mine ear a greeting from the grave !
Of houseless wandering spirits it would seem
The wail, but that I know within the tomb
Is peace ; and yet this night's tempestuous gloom
Makes me to mourn for one whose eye did beam
So sweetly once with love e'en from this spot :
That eye in death now sleeps ; it heeds me not.

1822.

PENATIC (PROPHETIC) MUSING.

BLESS thee, my gentlest ! ever hast thou been
In this dark vale of tears, my true helpmate,
Decking life's path with flowers and fadeless green ;
Mine old heart blessing thee is all elate.
Old art thou, but the furrows in thy face
Grief has not worn ; and there is yet a glow—
A twilight softness in thine eye doth show
Thy soul hath not yet lost its vernal grace.
Old are we, and 'tis good in this our age,
Now when the shrine is nearing, to look back ;
For ours has been a peaceful pilgrimage,
The sun of mercy aye has cheered our track.
Oh ! let us kneel to him with grateful praise,
Who gave me thee to solace all my days.

1822.

TRANSLATIONS.

Quante fiate al mio dolce ricetto.—S. 240., *del Petrarca*.

HERE in my sweet retreat how oft, alas !
 Flying all else but never my despair,
 How oft I roam, bathing with tears the grass,
 Troubling with love-lorn sighs the ambient air.
 How oft in gloomy solitude I rove
 Thro' woody wilds, dark with umbrageous night,
 Wooing the memory of that dear delight
 Which death has ta'en from me, my buried love.
 Oft I invoke her, and she comes in mien
 Like Naiad, sprung from Sorgia's limpid cells,
 Or nymph that on its leafy margin dwells.
 Sometimes I see her on the meadows green,
 Like living maid the flowers with light foot press,
 Showing in look, she mourns my heart-distress.

1822.

TRANSLATION.

"Discolorato hai, Morte, il piu belvolto," &c.—S. 242, *del Petrarca*.

DEATH, thou hast reft of bloom the fairest face,
And eyes—oh ! sweeter eyes ne'er beamed to bless ;
Thou hast dissolved from loveliest earthiness
A soul illumed by virtue's noblest grace.
Mine all hast thou bereaved at one fell blow ;
That voice which charmed so in its ev'ry tone,
That voice is mute, and I can nought but moan,
For life is now all weariness and woe.
Yet still in pity, for my lone heart's grief,
She oft descends, my love, by dreamy night,
By musing morn, she comes, my sole relief,
In angel guise—oh ! could I tell how bright !
How eloquent ! Most sure my lay would move
Not man alone, but savage brutes to love.

1822.

WILLIAM.

"Thou shalt seek me in the morning, but I shall not be."

Job vii. 21.

MEMORIAL of my William I would trace ;
 Of my dead son a voice to live, tho' faint
 In hearts that loved him it may live, for they
 Its truth will recognize. Not that I fear,
 Grief's fear most bitter, that a day will come
 When seldom will his name be breathed, if breathed,
 Unheeded ; nor, distrustful of love's force,
 Dread I time's jealous finger will e'er pluck
 From memory, waning with my years, that form,
 A shade, but as a substance clinging. No !
 For in all yearning visions of that rest,
 Where troubles cease, where love illuminates
 His throne ; for whose name's sake forgiven is
 My child ; there, with salvation beautified,
 There see I him, 'mid yon adoring choir
 Meekly subordinate, so was he wont,
 Obtruding not, faith bids me hail my boy. •
 He beckons me ; and like that tiny star
 Phosphor, preceding day, he signs to me,
 How glorious is light's fulness ! Nor on earth
 Can I contemplate, but with all of earth

Most pure his image blends, and ever will ;
 For though it saddens, yet it chastens all.
 These lustrous days of rare autumnal shine,
 Which in long silken train, such as old age
 Remembers not, have followed that dull morn
 Of gloom congenial, when to dust we gave
 That dust so precious. These bland days I look
 On scene most beautiful, basking in bliss,
 In grandeur manifold ; Skiddaw each dawn
 Mantled in silv'ry vapours, or at noon
 Slumb'ring afloat in dreamiest haze ; at eve
 All glow with all imaginable tints
 Of burnished gold ; fields with full harvests glad,
 Or green with new sprung freshness ; mellow woods,
 Whose leafy glory brightens ere it fades ;
 Yon river freed rejoicingly from lake,
 Whose calm face doubles all this lavishment
 Of loveliest charm. How can I choose but gaze ?
 The while I gaze, sad wistful thoughts will rise :
 Would he were here ! It was his mountain home.
 These softest skies, would he were here, their balm
 Participant ! Vain longing ! 'tis not grief ;
 For grief of void, and keen regret is sense.
 Void can I feel, while those loved lineaments
 They look on me oft as I will, more oft ?
 Regret how can I ? Thus they ever sooth :

"Safe in abiding place I dwell than this
 Transcendantly more glorious. Its light
 The Lamb triumphant is : no morrow there
 Brings change." So does that saintly visitant
 My gloom admonish. Solemn thought ! sweet trust !
 My child with Jesus ! To believe him safe,
 Where pain no more can grieve, nor sin assail,
 Instant all anguish solemnly it soothes.
 The father reverences the son : for last,
 Yea, in heaven's kingdom least, is greater than
 Paternal dignity. With my dead son
 Communing thus, faith quickens ; things unseen
 Better I realize, since to my view
 Death is more real ; spirit-life more clear.

How can I from such meditation high
 To measured strain descend ? Is it excess
 Of agitation fev'rish that repose
 Seeks in strait exercise ; as when heart-worn
 Tossing on restless couch sick man courts sleep,
 Counting dull numbers ? Is it instinct fond ?
 Like as the lover prompts, lying at feet
 Of mistress canopied from summer sun
 By textile verdure of cool beech, who carves
 On its chaste bole initials dear, and wastes
 In such mechanic employ moments sweet
 He might in converse blest have occupied.

Dear recollections of my boy ! what tho'
 My heart's core garners them ; shall I not count ?
 The miser of his buried pelf each doit
 By rote revolves, yet in precise array
 Each item notes he, and oft cons the sum :
 Shall I not tell my treasure ? But a boy ;
 Nor saint nor sage precocious I record ;
 A very boy ; yet was he Christian boy !
 As in the presence of the dead, whose lips
 Never false word profaned, I would set down
 With strict exactitude, faithful as he
 Who from high tower observant registers
 Each phase, each point minutest, that attends
 A planet's transit. In high heaven now moves
 My shining one elate : all view of him
 Henceforth is aspiration.

Sixteen years
 Of life, that knew not sorrow, William dwelt
 In a sequestered home ; from haunts remote
 That childhood might pollute. Of those who rule
 That charge domestic, 'tis the heart-desire,
 To life's great end their precious trust to train.
 Reluctant are they, that their little ones
 Should a rough world encounter, where each step
 Is conflict with temptation, till the seed

Be sown ; the word firm-rooted, which alone,
 If God the increase gives, from sin can shield.
 Though from tumultuous joy secluded far,
 Yet 'tis a pleasant home ; enlivened by
 All impulses of rural cheerfulness.
 It looks on sunny slopes, and fertile vales ;
 Their white, tree-bosomed cots, who culture them ;
 Pastoral hills, blended with woods profuse,
 Wood above wood, rich sylvan garniture :
 Through leafy screen a lake, a river shine,
 In partial glimpses, or more bright expanse,
 Life to the landscape beaming. All around
 Luxuriant pastures gird ; where with much stir
 And lively frolic cattle browse, and sheep
 Up to the flowery lawn's trim verge. There oft
 Leaps the shy hare, oft nimbler squirrel bounds,
 Or swings to loftiest branch of beech, its mast
 Carousing on : nor ceases clam'rous caw
 Of busy rooks, associate with home-peace
 Discord exhilarant ! Such sights and sounds
 Of innocence must innocence infuse :
 Daily they nurtured that young heart with all
 That nature's book, blotted by sin, can teach
 How " God is love." But of that scenery,
 The crown, the grandeur omnipresent, is
 Imperial Skiddaw, in all amplitude

Of precipice, bold crag, and breasted height,
 In pomp and pride of solitary place,
 Majestic; other mountains mingling not.
 My boy, where'er he stood, in studious hour
 Or sport, so fills it space, he needs must look
 On Skiddaw. Could it fail, that vision vast,
 His meditative mind to influence,
 Expanding to large awe of might divine
 His spirit sensitive? But ampler truth,
 In oneness and simplicity more grand;
 In its mysterious sublimity,
 And fulness, how surpassingly more grand!
 "Truth as it is in Jesus," love revealed,
 That for lost man Christ died, to that young child
 From earliest years presented was, and close
 With his mind's growth engrafted. Mists may hide
 The mountain; clouds its loftiness abase;
 But never in that trusting willing heart
 Would mists or clouds arise, that truth to veil,
 Its warmth to chill: for on its heights and depths
 Rests splendour how enlight'ning, when 'tis viewed
 As "rock of ages," whence abounding love
 All flows. So taught his Bible, blessed means
 With promise blest, his inner life that kept
 In sunshine of that truth. From his sixth year
 Dates his own Bible. You would little deem

A decade of assiduous daily use
 Its neat unsullied page had seen, on shelf
 Would fear it had lain waste, like seed in clod
 Unploughed ; but service due vouch teguments
 Of triple fold successive, each well worn ;
 His whim it was ; so clad 't would better keep.
 God is the heart's discerners ; man but sees
 Appearance outward. That my William's life,
 His blameless, happy life of duteous love
 And meek obedience, was by grace the fruit
 Of faith in Christ, and close communion with
 His Word, I doubt no more, than when I see
 Hard-by some plenteous fount a silent stream
 Gliding, and gladdening with fresh green the turf ;
 What tho' I trace not its hid course, that fount
 I deem the source whence must those waters flow.
 Blameless to marvel was his life ; not once
 In all its sixteen summers had I cause
 In anger to rebuke. How happy 'twas !
 Say brothers, sisters, 'tis affection's search
 Your strange solicitude to find how oft
 " Willy was known to weep." Three times, no more
 Your inquisition certifies. Far back
 To infancy ye go, that count to gain.
 Than blameless, happy, life, in that dear child
 What grace had wrought, assurance gave more full

O

God of all comfort, who best knew what best ;
 What only could yield comfort in the grief
 Which soon must low'r. Few days before he died,
 The while I held his head with pain oppressed,
 " Pray for me, father," said he in such tone,
 Such pleading tone, as only could proceed
 From one who for himself prayed much. Next morn
 These welcome words with joy his mother cheered ;
 " Oh ! how I thank the Lord, who gives to me
 So many friends so kind !" Than prayer and praise,
 What more of proof could anxious love desire,
 That whom his lips confessed his spirit owned ?
 Not with presentiment of death's approach,
 Not by alarm excited ; but high hope
 The parents courage took, and blessed their God,
 Whose truth so "prospered" with their child ; and when
 The dark hour came, such solace were those words,
 The memory of those simple, earnest words,
 As it was meant in mercy they should bring.
 Habitual too for others as himself
 Of prayer was his observance. If his mates
 From drowsy look he feared might be remiss,
 He would remind them lovingly : and when
 Those younger ones he heard speak heedlessly
 Of that first sacrament, for which they saw—
 Blest providence ! but one month ere he died—

Him fervently prepare, oft with his God
 Communing in his room, "Ye know not what
 A serious thing it is," was his reproof.
 With earnest exposition then he hushed
 To reverence their young hearts. Thus when need urged
 Zeal his lips moved : not oft of sacred things
 To parley was he wont : with all a boy's
 Modest reserve, when of redeeming love
 The wondrous story was to him displayed.
 Only by mantling cheek, his dark eyes' glow,
 His deep devout attention, could you tell
 How pond'ringly he listened. In his days
 Of health more vigorous oft he would discourse
 How he in heathen lands his Lord would serve,
 Preaching the Gospel. Nor was good intent
 His only fruitage. Helper of that host,
 That mighty host ; faith's armament of means,
 Which as a flood swells on from age to age
 The knowledge of the Lord, 'till earth be spread
 As by the waters sea ; though of that host
 Yoke-fellow feeblest, joy it is to know
 Helper he humbly was. For many months
 In his home's Sunday-school a teacher grave
 An infant charge right lovingly he taught.
 Of tracts, mute, unoffending monitors,
 Scattered as leaves Sybilline, that with truth,

Clear truth impressed, on many truth impress,
Long had he been distributor.

Disease

Life's current early had disturbed : all said
" 'Twas meant he should die young." Yet for five
years—

His last—life was not languish, but his frame
Was dwarfed ; and still in boyhood's tender guise
Lingered his age adult. How dear he was !
Diminutive how darling ! That home-sphere
He grac'd love's opportunity, the aim,
The central point on which converged all glow
Of love domestic. Brothers, sisters, fond
They tended him. William to aid or cheer
How emulous ! Not in his studious hours
Forbearance lacked he ; well in lore his part
He took : for clear best word indicative
Of sense right apprehended, for apt text
Doctrine to illustrate ; the teacher turned
Instinctively to William. But in sports
Indulgence needed fainter limbs, and found
Reluctantly the ball the wicket sought
If William held the bat : and thro' the air
How gentle its gyrations, if to reach
His delicate small hands 'twas flung ; as soft

As rain it fell in sunshine : nor less warm
 Than sunny skies those hearts its force that spared.
 And in the race, oft have I marked the foot
 Lag wilfully lest Willy should be left
 Too far behind. Love aye engenders love
 In genial hearts ; as fire enforces fire,
 Fire fuel seeks, so love craves aliment.
 Kindness dispensed to him that boy repaid
 With measure full to all he could befriend.
 From stray black kitten to the nursling babe,
 Defender of the feeble, refuge sure.
 Though faith sustains, not always can thought soar,
 But droops, and droops ; e'en to the cold dark cell,
 Where now lies William on a couch none tends ;
 There fancy paints him in similitude
 Just as he looked, when interwoven with
 All life's endearments, all of home's sweet bliss.
 Some solace is it in such mood to think
 That by his side, who tendered things most weak,
 An infant sister sleeps.

The dove-domains,—
 There was his vantage-ground : congenial place ;
 The gentle with the gentle ! Meet he should
 Of the triumvirate, that feathered tribe
 Who ruled, be paramount. Those flutterers shy.

In sympathy how boldly would they throng
 To greet him : on his hands, arms, elbows perch,
 Till nigh he tottered 'neath the plummy load.
 Caressingly they pecked and cooed, as though
 On sunny ridge they basked. Gradual his smile
 To merry laugh of triumph would expand
 To be so wooed. The dovecote's latest gain
 Came nigh too late, sent from afar by one
 Aye to his wishes kind. What glee it was !
 What glad surprise ! when from pent basket peered
 Of choicest Jacobins a pair demure.
 Queer spectacle it was of strange accord,
 Ah me ! that quaint boy eyeing those quaint birds.
 His mates disconsolate were soothed to hear,
 The dove for his memorial chosen was ;
 Of life without life's sorrow emblem meet ;
 The dove upon the cross ! they little know
 How rare that dove.

Brotherly love by use,
 By love of Jesus quickened with what heed
 From aught that wounds it shrinks. Considerate
 Of that dear brother's frame not only were
 His playmates, of one heart-infirmity
 Mindful not less : they knew his fancy was
 A manly little fellow to be thought.

From out a nature where sin's too sure taint
 'Twas difficult to trace, thus pride would peep.
 Not that I grieve, remembering who has said,
 "Unless I wash thou hast no part in me."
 Boast knew not that meek boy, where vanity
 Would not have been mere vaunt. Whene'er I cheer'd,
 With intellect so clear, and studious zeal
 So steady, gifts his God had given, if least
 Not last in strife collegiate would he rank,
 Contending for high learning's mastery :
 "Ah no," would be with blush his calm response ;
 "Clever enough I am not." Yet 'twas pride,
 If in a gen'rous shape, that made him loth
 His frame inadequate, his nerves and force
 Inferior to own. Pleased he would smile
 When to his health's excess imputed was
 His malady. Pain he so patient bore,
 'Twas hard to tell it could be pain, his head
 That so bowed back. When operation sharp
 Of pain he last endured, and in mine arms
 All his frame tremble, as I held, I felt ;
 One shrink he gave of anguish : on his lips
 Immediate shone again his wonted smile.
 "Call him your Spartan, Stoic, what ye will,"
 Said the kind surgeon, "but more brave than this
 Never did boy bear pain." He had been told

'Twas pain's best anodyne all thought to rest
 On Jesus suffering, and I firm believe
 Such then his succour. That endearing smile !
 There lay the charm all hearts that won to him,
 And winning knit. His common looks were grave,
 Grave as old Skiddaw ; as suggestive too
 Of thoughts to muse on. From a child all said
 How like he was to England's solemn judge,
 Departed Eldon. As on Skiddaw's breast
 Of gloom austere, sudden, when sunbeam plays,
 All gaze it lures, the mountain's loveliest tints
 Developing ; so did his smile attract.
 Strangers, least solving its significance,
 Did not resist it. On his recent tour
 The aged traveller his cloak would fold
 O'er Willy sheltering, and giddy boys
 With instant tenderness their arms would throw
 Round him confidingly. That smile ! from fount
 Of purest heart 'twas plain it sparkled up.
 Is it joy now ? Much bliss have I on earth ;
 None sweeter than the memory of that smile.
 Will it e'er fade from me ? What beams it now ?
 For aye 'twas wont some sunny thought to beam.
 "Thou would'st not brood, how long e'er we may meet,
 Could'st thou but feel how light we reckon time,
 We in time infinite."

His native hills

For a brief holiday he left, from ocean's breeze
Fresh vigour to inhale, and vigour gained.
Then through the highland's lakes excursion took
He and his brothers. Landscape more sublime,
More grand, but not more lovely, than his home's
Fair scenes pronounced the Cumbrian mountaineer.
In ocean-grandeur dight, in wild array,
Nature her nursling harmed not : 'twas of art's
Triumphal car the whiz, the whirl, the speed,
The fiery ferment that aroused in him
Disease long slumb'ring, latent long : sure sign
Not with a jarring world's turmoil was meant
That gentle boy to battle. Home the balm
That Scotia's Syme prescribed. Portentous word !
Boding abiding place he soon must reach.
Home hastened he, and home his father came.
Long absent, tending couch where age infirm
Was lingering wearily precarious life,
Days spun to weeks, and weeks to months, and months
To slow sad years. Now duty paramount,
And providence most gracious, brought the sire
In his dear son vicissitude to mark
Of life's mysterious course. Glowing with health,
Radiant with happiness, the father found
His William. Never can his heart forget

That morn's embrace, those looks so welcoming.
 Shall I e'er "go to him," and at heaven's gate
 Home will he welcome me? welcome once more?
 That roseate cheek! I vauntingly exclaimed,
 "Is this my invalid? Ah me! of life,
 Such bright luxuriance was but as the bloom,
 The smiling verdure, that delusive hides
 The dread volcano's fire. Soon that fair morn
 Of home-return light clouds obscured, much gloom
 Portending not; symptoms of malady,
 Credulous love fain hoped remedial means
 Before efficient would again subdue.
 Oh! they were golden days, my William's last!
 Golden as forest leaves in autumn's wane;
 The last sere leaves frost silently tricks out
 With glitter tremulous, but of such glow,
 You cannot fear that they must fall when next
 The night wind rushes. Loving were those days,
 Unshadowed by alarm. Of tender care
 No more was needed, than made watchful love
 More tender. Interchange how sweet to nurse!
 Delightful task to nurse, affection's glance
 Its grateful fee! Vigil we kept, but hope
 The watch-fire fanned to full rejoicing blaze.
 Daily our charge more safe we blindly deemed
 From fits, the worst we feared; in mercy hid

That death would be his first unconsciousness.
 Sad tidings came. In India's ruthless clime
 A cousin honoured, loved, in prime of life,
 In noon of life's prosperity, one day,
 One fatal day, had withered his ripe bloom.
 Ah! little when I urged monition trite,
 So trite because so true, "how frail is life!"
 Closing much colloquy with those brief words
 In which the Lord of life sums all, that can,
 If heeded, life's uncertainty console,
 "Oh! be ye ready;" little did I think,
 That earnest listener seriously impressed,
 Himself within four days that truth so trite
 Would testify, and glory to my God,
 Its perfect consolation. Last of all
 Those days most loving was. In southern climes
 Serenest smiles that sunset hour the dark
 With sudden swoop o'erwhelms. Communion last
 Was closest. He had to the school-room hied,
 Athirst to quaff his wont Castalian spring.
 That week his mind I proffered to amuse;
 The next he might his studious course resume.
 And so I read to him of that bold Scot
 Who had in Afric's wilds, o'er brutes most fierce
 Of forest, field, and flood, asserted man's
 Primal supremacy. But love, not death

Nor fire-spied bullet, we remembered was
 Means of dominion, ere "by sin came death."
 My good, my uncomplaining boy to please,
 I challenged him to bring his chequered board,
 Gift recent of kind friend. For thirty years
 'Twas strange to me. Mamma must teach the moves ;
 At draughts I would encounter him. The game,
 Well matched in equal ignorance, we long
 Contested, till the cricketers came in
 Fresh air commending, so we twain agreed
 The morrow should that dubious strife decide ;
 'Till morrow of the mimic war a truce.
 That morrow, where was he ? Contentions none
 Are there.

Him pacing to and fro I see,
 As near the cricket ground that eve he walked,
 Claspings his mother's hand,—his mother loved,
 So loved for gentleness, watching the game
 So prized for manliness, whisp'ring next week
 Himself would play ; then would he be quite well,
 Nor more to gravel walks be limited.
 Next week !—how narrow were his bounds !

Night came :
 Circling the hearth as wont, God's word to search,

Parents and children met, love-linked—not one
 By absence sundered. Will the God who gave
 That last earth-union, “by his power through faith”
 Keep all those loving ones once more to meet,
 Once and for ever? Of that chapter part
 In tongue original the brothers read,
 Where to Agrippa Paul narrates his charge
 By Jesus glorified. Out of his turn,
 Now know I why, I bade my William read
 The eighteenth verse. Its gracious sense he gave;
 I questioned him, when that “inheritance?”
 “The resurrection,” was his prompt reply.
 Then with plain text and clear intelligence
 He told how Christ for sinners died; how faith
 “That is in him,”—heart faith—God’s gift—must needs
 Work love, and love by grace work holiness,
 “Without which none shall see the Lord.” Last sound
 Of his dear voice thus breathed salvation’s creed.
 Save brief response, save brief “good night,” on earth
 His utterance last! Yet more remembrance sweet!
 That reading closed, for evening worship came
 The household in: ended, ’twas said, “Not yet
 Prepared was William’s room.” Delay how blest,
 Never before occurring! So to him
 His mother urged, “You better had pray here.”
 I added seasonable words, what peace

When day is done, what privilege it is
 To cast on God all care. A quiet nook
 His "closet" was ; there saw we him kneel down,
 And to his Father silent pray, "who sees
 In secret." Attitude to us his last !
 He rose ; we kissed, we blessed him : that embrace
 Our parting was. Repine we that we took
 No conscious leave ? Could fondest farewell yield
 Peace more abounding ? What tho' scorers taunt
 Such incidents as trivial, is it creed
 Of vain presumption to believe that he
 Who rules space infinite, the Merciful,
 Does from the depths of his mysterious love
 Man so regard ; all circumstances light,
 Lightest so order, that they solace grief
 If man will bow ? Rather 'tis cold, blind doubt ;
 His love in mercy least not to discern ;
 His power in atoms as in mightiest mass ;
 Doubt of his Word all needful promising.
 Need was there of much solace when next morn
 Dread summons came to chamber of our child.
 I reached it, but to feel my darling's pulse,
 Oh rapturous hope ! once beat—ah woe ! then cease.
 Scarce had he woke, when his warm heart's life-blood
 A desolating torrent ran. No trace
 Of pain there was ; no token of last strife.

We could not, would not, own that he was dead ;
 Nor for an hour did cease appliances
 Restorative. Then knew we he had passed
 To rest. So peaceful his pure spirit passed
 To rest ; in his Redeemer's bosom, rest.
 Untimely ? No ! We could not doubt that death
 To him was gain ; nor was it cold belief,
 We saw, we felt, in all coincidence
 Unselfish love clear saw, for him was well
 God's time. And after sorrow's first wild burst,
 No tear that fell but radiant was with glow,
 With glowing sense, " how merciful is God !"
 Soon in his home, shorn now of one joy-beam,
 Prevailed thanksgiving. Brothers, sisters vied
 Urging fond proof how lightly William was
 " Of the earth, earthy." Sure that he was safe ;
 Not she who bore him ; she whose frame rent love
 Shook nigh to dissolution murmured once,
 " Would it were other than as God hath willed."
 Not she who traversed distance far to look
 Her last upon his lineaments, pale now,
 Responding not affection's lavishment ;
 Would have lured back life's hue to those cold lips,
 Whose speech was aye so frank, kind, innocent.
 Death, thou art beautiful ! Watching, I felt
 That sweet boy in his grave-clothes purity ;

In gloom that seemed but shadow of his smile.
 No feature changed; death's slumber could not change
 To calm more placid than in life they wore.
 Death, thou hast pang! gazing no more, I feel.
 Oh death! 'tis meet thou should'st give bitter pang,
 Else might vain man forget "by sin came death."

We laid him in a quiet spot one morn
 Of shadowy stillness. Skiddaw vigil keeps
 Perennial o'er the turf where William rests
 Waiting "th' inheritance." Yon lake he loved
 Shines on—frail calm!—no bleak winds ruffle his.
 Few words on tablet in the simple church,
 Where we surviving pray, chronicle all;
 The little all love garrulous has swoln
 To tedious elegy: "By grace through faith,"—
 "Happy in time, safe in eternity:"—
 Our solace adding, "Jesus said, Weep not."

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